

THE GUARDIAN.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,

Santa Clara, California.

Under the management of the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus.

THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE WAS FOUND-
ed in 1851, and in 1852 was incorporated, with the
privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two
departments—the Classical and Scientific.
The College buildings are large and commodious,
while extensive play-grounds, with two covered gym-
nasiums, a swimming-pool, etc., afford every facility
for healthful exercise.
The College possesses a very complete philosophical
apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and
Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Telegraphy,
Photography and Surveying. A survey of native ores
is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.
The Scholastic Year, which is divided into two ses-
sions of five months each, commences in August, and
closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, \$15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending
of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attend-
ance and Medicines, Books, Fuel, Light per
year, 350 00
Modern Languages, Drawing, and Music form extra
charges. For clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the
like, no advance made by the Institution.
For further particulars, apply to
REV. A. VARS, S. J., President.
Jan-15

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH IS INCORPO-
rated according to the laws of the State of Cali-
fornia, and empowered to confer academical honors,
commenced the Twenty-Second Annual Session on Mon-
day, August 10th, 1892. The course of instruction em-
braces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once, \$15 00
Board and Tuition, per quarter, 62 00
Washing, per quarter, 12 00
Physician's Fee, per quarter, 2 50
Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form ex-
tra charges, but there is no extra charge for the French,
Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing
and Fancy Needle-work.
Payments are required to be made half a session in
advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage
to be present at the opening of the session. Jan-15

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,

Los Angeles, California.

THIS Institution, chartered according to the laws of
the State of California, and empowered to confer
Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, pro-
verbial for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty
of its scenery.

The faculty is composed of the FATHERS OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION OF ST.
VINCENT DE PAUL, who devote themselves to pro-
mote the health and happiness, as well as the intellec-
tual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to
their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years,
who are competent to enter the primary course, and who
come with respectable recommendations, provided they
comply with the rules and discipline of the College,
which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

STUDIES.

The course of studies embraces a full course of Eng-
lish and Classical Literature, the various branches of
Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages, and also,
a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for
every branch of business.

TERMS:

Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic
Year, \$150 00
Washing, per Scholastic Year, 30 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, 8 00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month, 6 00
Vacation at the College, 40 00
Those who learn to play on one of the above named
instruments, will have the privilege of using a brass
instrument free of charge; otherwise, there will be a
charge of \$3 00 per month.
For further information, apply to
REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M. President.
Jan-15

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

THIS Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short
distance from the sea, in the most delightful and
healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive,
and the building is large and convenient.

The course of instruction embraces the usual branches
of a thorough English education. Spanish is also
taught.

TERMS,

Invariably half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc.,
per annum, \$200 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, \$6 00. 68 00
Guitar, per month, \$5 00. 52 50
No extra charge for plain sewing, Fancy Needle-
work, etc.
The Scholastic Year, of ten months and a half, com-
mences August 16th, and terminates on the last Tuesday
of June.
For further particulars, apply to
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Jan-15 Santa Barbara, Cal

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,

San Francisco, California.

THIS Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the recep-
tion of students on the 15th of October, 1851. It was
incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the
20th of April, 1852, and empowered to confer academ-
ical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted
by any University in the United States."
The design of the Institution is to give a thorough
Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical education.
But besides the Classical, there is, also, a Commercial
Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.
The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.
Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of
absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guar-
antians will be required.
Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offender
to the loss of his seat.
Every Thursday of the Academic Year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

Tuition, in Preparatory Department, \$3 00
" in Grammar Department, 5 00
" in Higher Department, 8 00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy,
and Chemistry, first year, per month, \$3 00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per
month, 5 00
For each Academic Degree, 10 00
Jan-15

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco California.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough
Education, whether Classical, Scien-
tific, or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL
Course, receive the degree of A. B.; the Scien-
tific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.
The Commercial Course has been established for the
convenience of those who wish to acquire a good, prac-
tical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the
College, our own language receives special attention.
The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Com-
position and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and cor-
rected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Payable half-yearly in Advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing, \$150 00
Entrance Fee, 10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines, 5 00
Vacation at College, 40 00
Day Students, 50 00

Modern Languages, Music and Drawing form extra
charges.
REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, President.
Jan-15

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Rohnerville, Humboldt County,
California.

CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE

CONGREGATION OF THE MOST

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THIS INSTITUTION IS SITUATED ON A
picturesque elevation at the confluence of Van
Duzen and Eel rivers, and near the town of Rohnerville.
It is accessible from the chief towns in the vicinity by
daily stages, and from other parts of the State by vessels
and steamers, via San Francisco and Eureka.
The course of studies is classical, scientific and com-
mercial. Splendid apparatus has been secured for teach-
ing the natural sciences.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mend-
ing linen, \$225 00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once, 10 00
Vacation at College, 40 00

DAY PUPILS.

Senior Class, \$60 00
Junior Class, 40 00
Music, vocal and instrumental, drawing, and modern
languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of
the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th
of August and the 16th of January.
All communications regarding the College to be ad-
dressed to the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY.
Very Rev. P. HENNEBERRY,
Superior

St. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL,

Benicia, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST.
DOMINIC.

THIS Institution affords every facility for the acqui-
sition of a refined and solid education. The Acad-
emy was founded in 1850, and now ranks among the
most successful Educational Institutions in the State.

The course of instruction embraces the English,
French, Spanish and Latin languages, Rhetoric, Elocu-
tion, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Bio-
graphy, Mythology, Chemistry, Geography, Astronomy,
and use of Globes; Vocal Music, Instrumental Music,
including Piano, Guitar, and Organ; Writing, Draw-
ing, Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Tapestry,
Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, etc.

TERMS:

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition, per Scholastic Year, \$225 00
Washing, 45 00
Entrance Fee, 10 00

EXTRAS

(Payable half-yearly.)

Piano and use of Instrument, \$60 00
Organ, 50 00
Guitar, 50 00
Vocal Music, in Class, 20 00
Private Lessons, 40 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors, 30 00
Painting in Oils, 20 00
Board during Vacation, 40 00

The Academic Year consists of two equal terms, the
first commencing August 16th, the second, January 23d.
Pupils of any religious denomination will be received,
but for the sake of uniformity, all are required to be
present at the regular religious services of the Institu-
tion.

Pupils entering after the commencement of a term are
charged for each portion of it as may remain. No dis-
count, however, will be made if the pupil is with-
drawn during the session, except in case of sickness.

Parents may rest satisfied that every attention, con-
sistent with the spirit of a firm but mild government,
will be paid to the comfort of the young ladies placed
at this Institution.
Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER
SUPERIOR.
my25-15

FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,

Santa Barbara, California.

THE Sixth Session of this Institution, conducted by
the FATHERS OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS, will
commence on the first Monday in August.

The object of this Institution is to give a good Eng-
lish, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Educa-
tion at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in Cal-
ifornia—and thereby bring its advantages within the
reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, (to be paid but once,) \$15 00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten
and a half months, \$150 50

Music, French and German form extra charges.
Those who spend their vacations at the College will be
charged \$50.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.
Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply
toilet articles, etc.
Money will not be advanced by the College; for the
purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be
deposited.

For further particulars, apply to
Jan-15 REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

CONVENT

OF THE

Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Gilroy.

FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE
MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per an-
num, \$200 00
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once, 10 00
Tuition on Piano, per annum, 60 00
French, per annum, 25 00
No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month, \$2 00
Elementary and Senior, per month, 3 00
Tuition on Piano, per month, 6 00
French, per month, 2 50
No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

For Prospectus and further particulars, apply to
SISTER RAYMUNDA CREMADELL,
Superior.
N. B.—The above Establishment is, also, the Noviti-
ate of the Order.
Aug-24-15

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,

Mission Dolores, San Fran-
cisco.

This Academy is a Branch of the College
of Notre Dame in San Jose.

THE course of instruction, which embraces the Pri-
mary as well as the Elementary and higher depart-
ments of education, comprises all the branches, both
useful and ornamental, taught in the best academies for
young ladies.

The second term of the Seventh Annual Session com-
mences

Monday, January 20th, 18

TERMS:

Boarding pupils per session, payable quarterly in
advance, \$240 00
Select day pupils, primary classes, 20 00
Junior Classes, 30 00
Higher Classes, 40 00
Parochial Classes, throughout, 10 00

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

Yreka, Siskiyou Co., California.

THIS Academy for young ladies, under the direction
of the Sisters of Mercy, is situated in the healthy
and pleasant city of Yreka. The buildings are com-
modious, the pleasure-grounds extensive and every advan-
tage is afforded for the acquisition of useful and orna-
mental knowledge.

The Academy being conducted by the Sisters of
Mercy, sufficient assurance is given for the peculiar
attention bestowed on the moral training, health and
comfort of the pupils.

The course of instruction combines all the useful
branches of a solid English Education, viz: Reading,
Writing, Algebra, Book-Keeping, History, Geography,
Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, Astronomy, use of
Globes, Botany, Natural Philosophy, Familiar Science,
French, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and
Painting, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Wax
Flowers, etc.

Pupils of all persuasions will be equally received, and
all interference with their religious opinions carefully
avoided; good order, however, require that all should
comply with the general regulations of the Institution.

The Scholastic Year is divided into four terms of
eleven weeks each. Pupils can enter the Institution at
any time. They will be charged from the date of their
entrance.

TERMS PER QUARTER:

(Payable in advance.)

Board and Tuition, \$45 75
Instrumental Music, (with use of Piano) 15 00
Vocal Music, 7 50
Painting and Drawing, each, 5 00
Wax Work, 2 50

Each pupil must be furnished with a knife and fork,
a table-spoon, a tea-spoon, a goblet, table-napkins, towels,
three pairs of sheets, three pillow-cases, a pair of blankets
and a mattress.

For uniform dress, inquiry is to be made at the Institu-
tion.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS, PER QUARTER:

(Payable in advance.)

Senior Class, \$10 00
Junior Class, 8 00
Primary Class, 6 00

Letters of inquiry, etc., are to be addressed to the
MOTHER SUPERIOR,
St. Joseph's Academy, Yreka, Cal.
Apr-12-15

GREAT PREPARATIONS

FOR A EIG

SPRING TRADE.

J. J. O'BRIEN & CO.

606 Market Street,

HAVE just received forty cases of Foreign Goods,
especially adapted for the present season, and con-
sisting of the newest styles and best makes of
SHAWLS,

SILKS,

POPLINS,

WATERPROOFS,

BLANKETS,

FLANNELS,

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.

J. J. O'Brien & Co. respectfully invite all intending
purchasers to read the following list of prices, and call to
examine their fine fresh stock of goods before purchasing
elsewhere, for, most assuredly, a large saving can be
effected:

10 pieces fine satin-finished black Silk, \$2.50 per yard;
actual value, \$3.50.
5 pieces heavy gros black Silk, \$1.50; well worth \$2.25.
Rich plain colored Silks, \$1.75 per yard; reduced from
\$2.50.
20 pieces French striped Silks, reduced to half-price.
\$4 pieces (O'Reilly, Dunne & Co's) Irish Poplins, \$1.50
per yard; usual price, \$2.25.
6 cases new Japanese Silks, 50, 60, 75 and 87 1/2 cents per
yard.
120 pieces Japanese Poplins, 37 1/2 cents per yard; reduced
from 50 cents.
5 cases extra heavy Mohair Poplins, 25 cents per yard
actual value 50 cents.
200 pieces black and colored Satin de Chine, 60 cents per
yard; worth \$1.
Black and colored French Merinos, 62 1/2 cents per yard;
reduced from \$1.
2 cases Scotch Plaids, 25 cents per yard; beautiful
colors.
200 Broche Shawls from \$8 upward.
500 very handsome striped Shawls from \$2.50 upward.

MOURNING GOODS.

Black Drap d'6, Poplin Alpaca,
Cashmere, Silk Alpaca,
Henrietta Cloth, Crêtonnes,
Bombazines, Foulards,
Barristz Cloths.
A very nice Black Alpaca for
35 cents a yard.

On account of the reduction of Wool, we have re-
duced all our Woolen Goods fully 25 per cent, and are
now prepared to offer all makes of

BLANKETS, FLANNELS and CASSIMERES

At greatly reduced prices. Also Marseilles Spreads;
Table Linens, Napkins, Sheetings, Canton flannels and
all makes of muslins at reduced prices. A fine line of
Ladies' Cotton and Merino Underwear—very cheap;
Men's Merino and Woolen Underwear—very cheap;
Boy's Merino Underwear, very cheap; Misses' Merino
Underwear, very cheap; Ladies' Misses' and Children's
Cotton and Woolen Hosiery, very cheap; Ladies' Corsets
from 25 cents upward; Ladies' soiled Kid Gloves, very
cheap; Jouvin's colored and black Kid Gloves \$1.50
pair.

J. J. O'BRIEN & CO.,

606 Market Street,

One Door from Montgomery.

nov16-15

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. III.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

No. 10.

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"PROVIDENCE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN, IN OUR DAY, A GREAT MISSION TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS. IT IS FOR IT TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF ORDER AND OF FAITH, WHERE THEY STILL PREVAIL, AND TO PROPAGATE THEM WHERE IMPIETY AND COLD INDIFFERENCE HAVE CAUSED THEM TO BE FORGOTTEN."—*Letter from Pope Pius IX, in 1855.*

"WE URGENTLY BESEECH OF YOU TO ASSIST, WITH ALL GOOD WILL AND FAVOR, THOSE MEN WHO, ANIMATED WITH CATHOLIC SPIRIT, AND POSSESSED WITH SUFFICIENT LEARNING, ARE LABORING IN WRITING AND PUBLISHING BOOKS AND JOURNALS FOR THE DEFENSE AND PROPAGATION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE."—*Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, in 1853.*

"LEAVE NOTHING UNTRIED BY WHICH OUR HOLY RELIGION AND ITS SALUTARY TEACHINGS MAY MORE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES, AND UNHAPPY WANDERERS MAY RETURN TO THE SAFE PATH."—*Letter from Pope Pius IX, to the Prelates of the United States, in 1855.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DURING the earlier part of April, the Prince of Wales, who, by the way, has already made for himself an unenviable reputation by his connection with a certain secret society, whose vileness sent its odors even to the foot of the throne, made an exhibition of himself at Willis' Rooms, in London. On this occasion he was not surrounded by young men, roystering fellows, who, when their shameless depravity had been made known, plead, in extenuation, the hot blood of youth; but by sage and hoary-headed old men, high in power and place. An attempt was being made to invest the ceremonies attending the installing of the Prince in certain offices of Odd Fellowship with a semi-religious character. The scene was not impressive, nor the ceremonies effective to the end which was in view. Here were a party of gentlemen, costumed and adorned in a manner neither beautiful nor becoming, acting in such a way as would lead one to believe that they were surely demented. The substitutes which they had adopted for the ancient guilds and confraternities of the Christian Church were trivial and ridiculous, and they, by their deportment, exhibited themselves in such a way that their friends must have blushed at their folly. The principal actor in this dreary farce was the Prince, and we are told that he conducted himself in a "most dignified manner." Here is the way in which the scene was enacted. On being announced, the following officers and officers designate left the Gréat Prior and adjourned to the Prince's private room to receive His Royal Highness: The Great Prior of Ireland, the Grand Master Emiritus Stuart, the Past Deputy Grand Master and Sub-Prior of Ireland, the Deputy Grand Master, the Great Prior of England, the Seneschal, the Primate, the Arch-Chancellor, the Great Constable, the Great Marshal, the Arch-Registrar, and H. R. H. Chamberlain.

His Royal Highness having been robed, a procession was formed to the hall, and being conducted to the dais, was received with the Great Prior of Ireland, the Grand Master Emiritus of England, the Past Deputy Grand Master and Deputy Grand Masters, the Rev. J. Huyshe and Colonel Vernon.

The installing Master on the Throne, (the Earl of Limerick) with the Grand Master elect on his right, and the Deputy Grand Master on his left, then proceeded to the Convent General and called upon the Arch-Registrar to read the statute of election, which was accordingly done.

The Installing officer then put the following questions to His Royal Highness:

Installing Officer—Are you ready and willing to undertake the supreme government of these orders in England and Ireland and the dependencies of the British Crown?

His Royal Highness—I am.

I. O.—Will you observe all things that will promote the well-being and dignity thereof?

His R. H.—I will.

I. O.—Will you protect and uphold the same to the best of your ability?

His R. H.—I will.

I. O.—You will not acknowledge any superior, co-ordinate, or inferior jurisdiction?

His R. H.—I will not.

I. O.—You will not permit your prerogative or authority to be impugned?

His R. H.—I will not.

I. O.—You will uphold the Queen's supremacy?

His R. H.—I will.

I. O.—You will judge all equally, without distinction of rank?

His R. H.—I will.

The Primate then offered up a prayer. Be sure these sickly mummeries did not pass without comment, and there were not a few who openly expressed their contempt for the childishness and weakness which were displayed in the whole affair. The *Saturday Review* sees in these proceedings only the "mummeries of a convivial club," and is simply "amazed that any men of education and intelligence could be found to take part in such an idiotic performance." "That grown-up-men, men with beard to their chins, should . . . send for reporters to come and glorify their tom-foolery, is really about as astonishing as any thing that could well happen." The farce was all the more ghastly, because they had "a real clergyman to read prayers to them." The final comment of our contemporary is very grave, for he observes that the most grotesque clowns who frequent the Crystal Palace, and dance on the sward, "ought now to feel that noblemen and gentlemen who are capable of taking delight in the two-penny tinsel and puerile parade of the Knights Templars can not be so very different from themselves." Yet there are not, probably, two of the actors in this ignoble scene who do not cherish a lofty disdain for the sacred institutions and solemn ceremonies of the Catholic Church. We see what they consider effective substitutes for them. It is consoling to reflect that such things were not possible when England was Catholic, and her citizens were men, and that they will cease to be possible, if she should ever become Catholic again.

DECIDEDLY the most amusing event of the week, has been that little controversy between the *Chronicle* and the *Post*, relative to the merits and demerits of the Episcopal Church in America. The editor of the former paper, who, no doubt, has, at some time of his life, been a member of that Church, for with what organization has he not been at some time connected, takes umbrage at the hollowness and formalities of the worship seen among High Church Episcopalians. We do not say that he aspired to the lawn and flowing sleeves, only to find that his vocation was not in that direction, but we would be willing to wager, that he has tried to form a ring among the Church Trustees, and failed—*hinc illae lacrymae*. All through the career of this most remarkable man, who reminds of none so much as GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, we find that he has ever acted upon the principle that it were better to rule a King below than a Prince above. But to the Church. He says: "The Episcopal Church has been the aristocratic church of America—the place for rich people to be saved—and, until within a few years, it has not recognized the fact that poor people had souls, or, if they had, that they were worth saving. While other denominations had meeting-houses, Episcopalians had cathedrals and churches; instead of preachers, the Episcopalians had bishops, with lordly titles; instead of salaries, princely incomes and livings, the gifts of the rich. Whoever thought of the Episcopal Church connected it with the Church of England—its cathedrals, its State support, its gorgeous ceremonials, its Palace of Lambeth, its Bishops in the House of Lords, its dissensions over mere forms, its ecclesiastical trials, its judgments in Privy Council, its ritualistic movement, and what the priest might wear by way of vestment, or put upon the altar by way of candlestick or cross; how he might stand at the altar, in front or at one end; whether he might turn his back upon the people or the gilded trappings, painted pasteboards, hieroglyphics, Latin maxims, and golden-braided velvets of the altar; how the priest should wear his embroidered chasuble, and how he should incline before the gilded and painted Reredos." All this, of course, is amusing enough to those who understand the character of the man who has given

utterance to these sentiments. There is, undoubtedly, much truth in it all; but to find the *Chronicle*, of all papers in the world, criticising this religion or that; patting this one on the back, and rapping that one over the knuckles, is too funny for any thing; but when the little *Post*, with its editor of "Our Land and Land Policy," comes to the rescue, and with an earnestness and fury worthy of a better cause, takes up the cudgels in defense, the climax is reached at last. Hear the whacks that he lays upon the back of him who has dared to speak slightly of his church. "We don't believe the man who wrote that, was ever in an Episcopal church; if he was he must have been thinking of the price of stocks or some investment in real estate. He has a confused idea of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; of the Essayist and Reviewers, Bishop COLLENSO and Rev. Dr. EWER, and this passes in his mind for the Episcopal Church. The *Chronicle* says that it has an abiding contempt for the man who professes a faith he does not illustrate by his acts, but what shall we say for the man who criticises a faith of which he knows nothing at all? It may be news to the *Chronicle*, but it is nevertheless true, that this "ritualism," which it seems to think has been from the beginning a characteristic of the Episcopal Church in America, is but a thing of recent growth; that the older Episcopal churches are far plainer than the Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational churches of the present day; that a few years ago it was considered very "high Church" to even bow the head at the mention in the creed of the second person in the Trinity; and that ritualism has never made any general or permanent impression upon the Episcopal Church in America. If there is now any reaction from ritualism, it is not a new thing, but the simple coming back to the old ways, on the part of those who had in some non-essential practices wandered toward a more gorgeous ceremonial."

We shall hold aloof from this much vexed question, and High Church people may ape the true religion, and play their mummeries to their hearts' content. But a word to the rival disputants who, with their stuffed clubs, belabor each other so well and soundly. The Chinese question, or "Our Land and Land Policy," were both more profitable to deal with. Stick to the regular texts; there is more in them, and they are subjects which, if rightly treated, may interest the many. The other, when badly treated, can be of interest to no one.

In the last installment of the ninth census, we find some very interesting information relative to churches and church property in this country. A comparison is made in detail between the years 1850, 1860 and 1870, showing the increase in the number of churches, of church members and of church property during the last two decades. Twenty years ago the churches in the United States numbered 38,061; the membership was 14,234,825; church property, \$87,328,810. In 1860 the figures were: churches, 54,009; memberships, 19,128,751; property, \$171,397,932. The census of 1870 shows that in the past ten years there has been a very decided gain in all these respects, the number now being, of churches, 63,082; members, 21,665,062; and amount of church property, \$354,483,581. It is doubtful if these figures are more than approximately correct. Take, for instance, the matter of membership. According to the latest census, the number of members in the various churches amounts to more than one-half the entire population of the country—a manifest misstatement. But, granting that it is correct, the statistics show that the churches are, in a measure, imbued with a form of the very materialism that they profess to be warring against—the love of money. In other words, the increase in wealth has been more rapid than in the number of churches. From 1850 to 1860 they did not double their wealth by \$3,259,670; but from 1860 to 1870 they more than doubled it, by over \$11,000,000. The increase of the number of churches from 1850 to 1860 was 15,948, or about 42 per cent.; the increase from 1860 to 1870 was only 9,073, or about sixteen per cent. The increase of membership in the decade ending with 1860 was 4,893,926, or about thirty per cent.; the increase for the decade ending with 1870 was only 2,536,311, or less than eleven per cent. It will be seen that

the last decade has been remarkable on account of its accumulation of wealth. While certain sects have steadily decreased in membership, they have, on the other hand, increased the value and amount of their church property. The Quakers, for instance, have, within the last twenty years, decreased from 286,323 to 224,764, and yet we find that they have managed to increase their property from \$1,713,767 to \$3,939,560, the Universalists, another decreasing sect, from \$2,856,095 to \$5,672,325; and the Moravians, another, from \$444,167 to \$709,100. In numbers and possessions, the Methodists are set down in advance of all other denominations. The two branches of this church are classed under one head in the table of statistics. They have 21,337 churches, 6,528,209 members, and \$69,854,121 of property. The Catholics are next them in property, owning \$60,985,566, and having 3,806 churches and 1,960,514 members. The regular Presbyterians come next in point of wealth, owning \$47,828,732; they have 5,684 churches and 2,198,900 members. The regular Baptists own wealth to the amount of \$39,229,221, 12,857 churches, and 3,997,116 members. The Episcopalians have wealth to the amount of \$36,514,449, 2,601 churches, and 991,051 members. The Congregationalists own property to the value of \$25,069,698; 2,715 churches, and 1,117,212 members. The Lutherans own \$14,917,747 of property, 2,776 churches, and 977,432 members. The Dutch Reformed own \$10,359,255 of property; 458 churches, and 227,228 members. The Unitarians have \$6,282,675 of property, 301 churches, and 155,471 members. The Jews have \$5,155,234 of property, 152 churches, and 73,265 members. The Catholics, during the last ten years, have made the largest increase in membership, considering the figures which we have before us, and forgetting, for a moment, that too great a number of the followers of these various sects are led on by delusion and ignorance, yet we must find cause for gratulation in the fact that the religious spirit, though, in many cases, misdirected, enters so largely into our national character. The spirit of charity and love for something purer and better, which is evinced by so many, is, at least, encouragement for the future.

The picture which is now being presented by the Emperor of Japan certainly finds nothing like or approximating to it in the whole history of nations. We see a people that have been shut up within themselves for ages, and hemmed in by barriers of prejudice and superstition, all at once throwing open their country to the world, and inviting the artisans and cunning men from other lands to come and labor in their shops. More than this, we find that they are courting and encouraging a revolution of all opinions, and that they are not afraid to accept whatever issues are presented. Their young men and ministers have been sent abroad to bring in reports of what they have seen and witnessed. Every civilized nation has been visited, and we shudder when we reflect how great will be the labor to sift the useful and good from the seeds which these ambassadors have gathered in their travels. But, as was feared at first, it now appears that the affair has been pressed too far, and that there is a danger that the reform which they propose may go even beyond reformation. The last rumor is that the Japanese are casting about for a State religion. They have found this strange anomaly existing in certain countries, and not to be behind, they are more, it is said, in search of a good and stable article for themselves. They find themselves much in the same position of that contrite soul who sang:

"I want to get religion,
I'm going to the bad,
Pray tell me at what Gospel shop
The genuine can be had.
I've sampled many churches,
I've sat in many pews.
But may I be converted,
If I know what creed to choose."

Some time ago, a Washington correspondent had a conversation with the Secretary of the Japanese legation, in that city. He stated to the correspondent that the embassy, now in Europe, possibly were investigating with the end in view of recommending some form of religion, but, for himself, he hardly believed the rumor. There being no state religion now in his country, he knew that the Government would tolerate any sect or creed. It now permits any subject of the empire to embrace any religion or sect without losing any of his privileges of citizenship. To fully appreciate the extent of this toleration, it should be remembered that a number of the Japanese who have been sent to this country as students have embraced Christianity, and have done so with the full approbation of the home officials, where all sects of Christians are alike. The Secretary states that it is surprising how little prejudice remains among the Japanese toward persons of other religions, when it is remembered how the Jesuit missionaries were put to death or expelled, and how recently the edict was in full force forbidding any Christian sect worshipping in the empire. But very little of such prejudice remains, and that only in the remote, interior districts, or in individual cases, and he added, meaningly, that that would be

readily understood in a country where such bitter prejudices exist between members of various sects. It is to be hoped that the state church project will be abandoned, if it really exists, and this toleration which is now observed, will be continued. The advice which is most needed by these aspiring Japs is to make haste slowly. A certain old city which is ever famous was not built in a day, nor do we believe that a country like Japan can be reformed at once.

"FELICE," a neat little volume from the pen of ESMERALDA BOYLE, a contributor to THE GUARDIAN, has just been issued from the press of TRUBNER and Co., of London. The many readers of Miss BOYLE's productions will remember the remarkable sweetness of sentiment and grace of manner by which they were characterized. Her prose pieces are unexceptionable in this respect, and we do not know of a female writer since FANNY FERN, who has had these happy qualities so harmoniously blended, as we find them in Miss BOYLE. Her first volume of poetry, entitled "*Thistle-down*," became widely popular immediately on its appearance in public. It was principally a collection of fugitive pieces, which originally were not intended for publication. Her friends, however, saw in them something which presaged better things in the future, and encouraged her to persevere. She was advised to attempt a loftier and more extended flight. This she has done in "*Felice*." We clip the following handsome notice of her work from the "Literary Notices" of the *New York World*. Be it remembered the *World* never gives praise unless it is unmistakably due: "Messrs. TRUBNER & Co., of London, have published a dainty volume, *The Story of Felice*, by ESMERALDA BOYLE, of Washington, D. C. Miss BOYLE's warbling is promising of future success. This *Story of Felice* is idealized from incidents of the late war, and the materials, albeit not extensive, are very well handled. It is the old story of love and separation, but the love raised above the commonplace, and the separation brought about by 'war's stern alarms,' which seem grander than the ordinary causes of parting. The telling of this story does not admit of much imagination, but there are, at intervals, touches of its roseate hues. The author's fancy is delicate—at times fantastic enough to be striking, though not sensational. To the writer, however, the three or four songs of the birds, appended to the narrative poem, are more promising, if less ambitious, exhibitions of Miss BOYLE's poetic powers. We cut a stanza or two from 'The Song of the Robin:—'

"Ah, I am that glad-voiced robin
That sat on the gnarled tree
And sang of the dew and sunshine
That glittered for you and me.
Awake! awake!"

"One day when the spring came sliding
Between the sun and the rain,
I waked you from dream and sleeping
And now I have come again,
Awake! awake!"

Felice may be had at A. ROMAN'S Book Store, in the Lick House building.

ONE of the most promising signs of the times, and one which speaks volumes for the intellectuality and refinement of our citizens, is to be found in the support and encouragement which is given by them to art and art matters. It is with no little pride that we tell the stranger who comes among us of the association which is doing so much to foster art and to elevate the taste of our people. We take him to the gallery of this most worthy organization, confident that it will compare favorably with those of much older growth. It is scarcely three years since the society was formed, and it now numbers, among its members, many of our most prominent and intelligent citizens. Its receptions have become the fashionable events of the season, and not to be present at them argues one almost dead to the beauties of the limner's touch. Pictures remarkable for their merit and value, that have hung upon the wall of private mansions, to be seen and enjoyed by the few, are brought forth from their hiding-places and hung within the gallery. The treasures of the miser have been shared with the people, and still the store was not lessened by the division. One can not help noticing the healthy tone which is the result of all this. Men of means, who were content to put their money to baser uses, have become engaged in a generous rivalry to possess art treasures which may not be excelled. Loftier thoughts have been suggested, and poor and struggling students have been encouraged and helped on in their fight for fame. The exhibition, which opens this week at the gallery, on Pine Street, promises to be the finest which has yet been given. It is useless for us to begin an enumeration of the pictures which will attract notice. Suffice it to mention that the works of such artists as Bierstadt, Hill, Keith, Munger, Brooks, Denny and many other lesser lights, will adorn the walls. Before closing this notice we must, however, say one word of a most wonderful work of art which will, undoubtedly, claim the lion's share of attention. It is the production

of a French artist, who has already made himself famous. It represents a little girl partaking of the noon-day meal, and is the most natural and life-like painting we have ever seen. The coloring, outline, every thing, seems perfect, and we envy the possessor of such a treasure. Mr. JOS. DONOHUE, we understand, is the owner, and we can not too highly commend him and all other contributors who have generously allowed their pictures to grace the present exhibition. The painting we mention is, of itself, well worth a visit. We wish the Art Association all manner of success.

It is not a little singular that the very first and loudest who speak of the ignorance of the Irish peasants are those same British voters. It is singular in the fact that, among their own body is displayed such ignorance, such stolid stupidity, that we are at a loss to understand how, with their opportunities, they have been able to keep from receiving some sense even by impregnation. At a late election in Glasgow, a most surprising exhibition was made of this ignorance. In consequence, 1,618 voting papers were cast out: A large proportion of these were, according to the *Glasgow Daily Mail*, rejected because the voter had made strokes instead of crosses; but the greater proportion were cast aside for the simple reason that there was not a mark of any kind on the paper. It would appear that the persons who were served with these papers did not know what to do with them when they got into the box where they were to mark them, and therefore just folded them blank, as they received them. Some voters were so generous as to record on one paper fifteen votes each to four candidates; others again made crosses on the top of the paper, where there were no candidates' names. Not a few, again, wrote out the candidates' names, while some female voters vitiated their papers by signing them. On the whole, adds the *Mail*, the rejected papers manifested great stupidity on the part of some, and gross ignorance on the part of others. The truth is, that the benighted voter is sadly deficient in the art of cunning. Perhaps in a few years he will be better instructed; and the darkness of the future will be to him as familiar as the "light of other days," which has now faded forever.

IN our local columns will be found a detailed account of the reappearance of the stigmata on the hands, and feet, and side of Miss COLLINS. The case of this young lady has excited so much comment, stirred up so much malice and Puritanical hatred, that we have thus far forbore to give more than the bare statement of facts. That the wounds were unmistakably present on the person of the young woman, none will attempt to deny; that they were indicative of any supernatural attention, the whole body of Protestants will deny in a breath. We do not believe that any good Catholic will hesitate to believe in the existence of supernatural visitation in the past. Church history is filled with the accounts of such occurrences. Neither the times nor the world has changed so greatly that what was once possible has now become impossible; and while we wish it distinctly understood that we do not, in the case of Miss COLLINS, affirm that the wounds have been caused by any other than natural causes, probably by the force of strong emotions acting upon the physical system, yet we wish it known that we as firmly believe that the time of miracles has not died out. Nor do we consider that the time has yet come in this case for us to pass any decided opinion. We shall withhold our judgment—awaiting further developments. Let those who are inclined to carp and sneer, do the same.

WE learn, from the *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, that at the last meeting of the S. Joseph's German Catholic Benevolent Society, a committee of three members was elected, whose duty it shall be to assist, by word and deed, all Catholic immigrants arriving at that port. This we consider a most important and necessary step, and reflects credit upon the charity and good sense of this new and already flourishing society. There is nothing which will give the immigrant a more favorable idea of the country and its people than to be met at the ship, or at the wharf by friends in whom he can trust, and who stand ready and willing to give him advice and assistance. The example of S. Joseph's Society is worthy of imitation, and we shall be glad to hear of the formation of a similar society in this city. Surely, if Portland can furnish a field of usefulness for such a project, we can do the same. Let our young Catholics consider this proposition.

THE OWL for May has been received. It is an especially attractive number, and does credit to the students of Santa Clara College, who are its editors and publishers. Probably the most noticeable production is the metrical composition entitled, "The Last Days of Pompeii." It is from the pen of R. J. BOWIE, of the class of First Rhetoric. *The Owl* may be had at Flood's, No. 727 Market Street.

THE GUARDIAN.

PRO ECCLESIA DEI.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1873.

"RELIGION IN THE FUTURE."

NEVER in all time was there noticeable a greater conflict of religious opinion than that which is to be seen at the present day. In every country of the world, the war of ideas is being waged by the rival sects; and hardly a day passes, but witnesses the birth of some new creed, which professes to have found that great desideratum for which all intelligent men are seeking, the true religion in this life, the way to happiness in the life to come. Man, indeed, seems to be floundering in a quagmire of doubt, and while he is willing to catch at any plank which is thrown to him, he is not careful to examine if the thing which he grasps be rotten and unstable in itself. On all sides we see this precipitate and reckless haste displayed in matters religious, and men are making exhibitions of themselves which should put to shame and forever hush the proud boast of our enlightenment. Nothing yet has been found too ridiculous to be believed. Sects spring into existence professing beliefs which would excite the risibilities of the Congo negro. They send their preachers forth among men, and there are always those to be found who will listen to the dogmas which they preach. Nay, more than this: while the novelty of the doctrine remains, converts come in upon them in crowds. How many of these fallacious and, too often, disgusting schemes have been sprung upon the people during the present century. And it is especially noticeable that their decline and final disappearance is even more rapid than had been their rise. That which they professed has been forgotten, but those who had at first believed are again in the field, as eager as ever to seize upon whatever plank may be thrown out to them. They are willing and ready to be saved, but, in the conflict of opinion and the turmoil of new ideas, they lose their heads, and are all unable to distinguish the true from the false. What is the consequence of all this? Seeking, ever seeking, time wears on, and the conviction gradually settles upon these poor unfortunates, that their search is fruitless. "See," they exclaim, "how earnestly we have sought for the truth, and we have yet to find that which thoroughly satisfies the longings of the heart." No wonder, at last, they are enrolled in the ranks of indifferentism—an army which is finding too many recruits in these troublous times. Tired and disgusted with the efforts they have made, they at last become skeptics, and are lost forever. The world to-day is filled with them.

Let us pause awhile to inquire into this seeming discordance with the spirit of the times. Let us see if we can find the real cause for the spread of this moral and religious epidemic which is so fatal to the souls of men. There is something at the bottom of it all—something which must belong to the age in which we live. Why these doubts that vex and harass mankind until the cry goes up in agony, "What shall we do to be saved?" We shall not mince the matter more, nor, by gentle approaches, name the responsible cause in all this. The reader must have guessed that we are about to charge this terrible responsibility to Protestantism. For all, and more than all, is she responsible, and still her terrible influence is abroad, blighting and withering all that it touches. Note how, from the day upon which the apostate monk first tacked his infamous doctrines to the cathedral door, this scourge upon the true faith has made its ravages among men. "Fling aside authority; be your own teachers," said this blaspheming madman, "and see things as they are." There were not wanting men, in those days—nor has any age been free from them—who were willing to discard the teachings of their fathers, and to follow the footsteps of him who promised such allurements to the sensualist and libertine. We all know, too well, what promises were held out by this recalcitrant priest; what crimes against property and his fellow-man recruited his ranks; but he had formed a nucleus, and this was, for the time, sufficient. Nor are we forgetful how, for a time, while church spoliations and the like could be practiced with impunity, the followers of this most honest reformer held together. But the day came, at last, when these people who had been allured by false promises, or led on by their evil inclinations, began to look about them. They began to consider the doctrines which he had preached to them in the midst of his carousals. "Fling aside authority; be your own teachers and see things as they are." Be sure they were not slow to put these things in practice! What was authority for them—nay, what was this wine-bibbing monk who had broken his vows to God and man, that they should listen to him? Were they not authorities for themselves—were they not their own

teacher—why, then, should they see things through others' eyes? The very doctrines which this great reformer had preached against the Church were turned towards himself, and he who was to be the founder of the Church of humanity saw that he was hoist with his own petard. Men no longer looked up to him, and he was no greater than another. The serpent's egg which he had hatched was broken, and a thousand hissing offspring—no two alike, though fathered by the same evil spirit—were let loose upon the world. See the result of all this as pictured in the present day: Men ready to receive whatever is told them—no matter how absurd its tenor, and men unwilling to believe anything, no matter what proof may be offered in support. Doubts, indifferentism, and skepticism, all combine to make the present age the era of conflicting opinions.

Strange as it may seem, there are men, brilliant men, as the world goes, who profess to see upon the horizon of this dark and troubled sea of doubt, that which gives them encouragement in the future. No less a personage than the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the last number of the *Christian Union*, writes on the subject of "Religion in the Future." He affirms that there is a general conviction that out of this confusion there will arise some settled agreement, some definite basis. If we were listening to BEECHER the Catholic, and not BEECHER the Protestant, we could find much encouragement for the true faith in this sentence; but we know that he wrote according to the belief of the latter, and we are, in consequence, unable to agree with him in what he has said. If ever order be brought out of this chaos of opinion, it will be when mankind recognize the teaching of the Catholic Church, and hearken to the voice of the REDEEMER speaking through His ministers on earth. We can not, for one moment, discover a grain of comfort to be gained for this religion in the future. Steadily increases this fearful monster of unbelief, until it really seems that the whole of the body Protestant will finally be swallowed and destroyed. If this religion be skepticism, under another name, we must concede that he future is near enough; but Mr. BEECHER does not mean this, for he tells us it will have in it a deep element of faith, and that its central truths will be Christianity, GOD, and CHRIST. We confess that we are at a loss to account for the chain of reasoning by which this conclusion has been attained. Here is a man who advocates the doctrines of the "free thinkers"—the right almost to question the actions of the DEITY Himself—a man who finds, in the present state of religious opinion, cause for rejoicing, and yet he finds in the future a religion which recognizes GOD, Christianity, and CHRIST, all of which are denied by too great a number of the sects. More than this, he implants in it a "deep element of faith," and calls it perfect. Can it be possible that he does not understand the definition of faith: to believe without questioning? And yet how else can we reconcile what he has said in reference to his "freedom of thought" and "truth-seeking spirit?" We do not believe in this religion in the future. We do not think that Mr. BEECHER believes in it. The Word of GOD is immutable, and upon that Word the true religion has been founded. It was not in the intention of the SAVIOUR that His religion should be changed and modeled to suit the whims and caprice of men, and as He left it to His vicar upon earth it will remain to the end of time. If the change in the future be for the better, it will be when Catholicism has put an end to the conflict of opinion which is now being waged throughout the world.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

IT is no longer disputed that the American Press, all things considered, is the very best in the world. Its utterances are marked with that fearlessness and independence which are inherent to the land in which we live, and the shackles which the press abroad have of late years been partially able to throw off have never bound its limbs. Be sure it has been, and will always remain, governed in its utterances by a censor—the appointed of a sovereign—but that censor is public opinion, and its sovereign the people; no king nor potentate has yet been able to say to the editors of our press, this shall you publish, and this suppress. We have not forgotten that there was a time, marked by blood and internecine warfare, when the journalist was not, in every instance, free to speak his mind. We know how, once upon a time, in the city in which we live, a band of armed soldiers came marching down upon the office of one of our daily papers, and threw and overturned its types and forms. The same acts were practiced in other cities, but the people were frenzied with the excitement of the hour, and it was believed that the exigencies of the moment demanded the suppression of the papers which had given utterance to words, which some had called rebellious. But amid the blessings of peace, the press has grown in power, influence and merit, until we find it now a mighty lever which only needs the fulcrum to overturn and topple worlds from their firm foundation. Who shall attempt to estimate its power, or who to point that quar-

ter in which its influence is not felt? With its three great divisions, political, commercial and religious, what trade or profession is not affected by it? The first we find exerting its influence wherever the free American voter has cast his lot. Be it in the crowded city where the crafty politician puts up his little job, in the back room of some pot-house, or on the confines of civilization, where the frontiersman rides for many hours in order to exercise his sovereign right of suffrage, we find this wonderful power looked up to with mingled fear and respect. The ward politician knows well the strength of its mighty arm, and works his wires in secret and darkness; and those above—the high in power and wealth, have felt its force, and been repelled when they would have encroached upon the rights of those who were weak and poor. All over the land its agents are at work, and while the people read and ponder well, the press is making presidents and mighty men in the future. Men high in office at times become corrupt. They scorn the people which placed them where they are, and squander its patrimony on themselves. Entrenched by the wealth which they have dishonestly acquired, and backed up by those whom they have bound to themselves by mutual criminality, they for a time defy public opinion, and revel in their ill-gotten gains. The press of which we write, for we shall not mention that venal thing which sells itself to the one whose bid is highest, never fails to come forward as the champion of fair-dealing and the people. Squarely and hard it hits the abuse at which it aims, and its effect is soon made visible. For a time, perhaps, its power may be defied, but not for long. Never, in the whole history of American journalism, has it been recorded that, in the fight against dishonesty and corruption, the press came not off victorious. Witness the notable instances which, within the past few years, have been brought to public gaze. Hush-money was spent with lavish hand; but for one which would degrade itself by the acceptance of a bribe, there were hundreds of honest journals which had determined to be just and fearless.

To those aspiring young men who are growing up throughout the country, their heads filled with lofty thoughts of political preference, we say, "Live honorably, live chastely and without offense, for an eye is upon you, and a hand recording that which in after years will be written for your history." There was a time when rascality, by changing its abiding place, might prosper on for years; but a change has come for the better, and he who has acted dishonestly by the people in whose service he had been is marked and watched forever after.

The Commercial Press is of younger growth, but already it is able to wield such influence as compares not unfavorably with that of its elder brothers. For many years, publishers gave it but one spare column in the daily journal of news. There we found the quotations of flour, iron, and all other merchantable commodities concisely set down; but heavy dealers saw that the subject was one of greater importance, and the result was the publication of journals entirely devoted to commerce and trade. The majority of the public, no doubt, would find these trade journals such dry reading that they would not attempt to wade through a column for any small compensation; but the men who count their money by hundreds of thousands and millions, take up these statistical programmes with a keenness and relish not exceeded by that of the most ardent admirer of our sensational press. They see, at a glance, that in such an article there is likely to be a scarcity, in such another an overstock of the market. In the one case, they begin, immediately, to lay in such a supply as will prevent speculators from making a corner, and on the other, they unload at the prices most readily obtained. Of late years, the practice of forming corners has originated, and grown to such an extent, that the greatest profits are frequently made out of the smallest articles, which, however, at the particular time, are demanded by some temporary want. To guard against these unfair and dishonest schemes—for to extract money from the necessities of the people is dishonest—is the part and principle of the mission of the Commercial Press. It is, every day, doing its work, and wily and unscrupulous speculators are particular to give it as little cause for offense as possible.

Of the Religious Press perhaps we should say but little. Modesty might dictate that we were coming too near home to give words of praise, and, be sure, we should utter none other. We shall not tarry long, however, with a subject which, in our eyes, is all important. The people have confidence in it, and treat its productions with the deference and attention which they demand. It is presumed that the men who treat of moral subjects, who constitute themselves, to a certain extent, the teachers of virtuous actions and the guardians of public morality, are worthy of respect. Their mission is plain, and we find that they do not shirk their duty. The Catholic religious press of this country, though yet in its infancy, is a power which none can afford to overlook. It is directed by bold, brilliant, God-fearing men, who are ready to attack vice wherever it be found, and to aim

their trenchant weapons against heresy and infidelity. We do not consider that we can close this article in a fitter manner than by quoting from the speech of Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, which was delivered in Indianapolis, on the 1st inst. It is true, he spoke of the "newspaper"—the paper which combines in itself the three divisions of journalism which we have mentioned—but his words may well be produced in this connection. "What is it the people want of a newspaper? Not so much the science of banking and government as the raw material, the facts, out of which they may construct a rude, popular science, which the scientists themselves must consult. They want to feel, first of all, that it is reliable, that it is unbought by sordid interests, and unseduced by passions and prejudices, which the unexcited heart of our better nature secretly tells us are unjust. I do not say that reckless, racy writing, be it never so wrongful, is unattractive. It certainly pleases our worst side; it flatters a combativeness more or less common to all men. But it can not hold its own, and never has held its own when brought in competition with upright, painstaking, sensible, and informed writing, supported by those ordinary mechanical appliances which are indispensable to the commercial success of newspapers. Of course, the axiom of newspaper success is news. As action is said to be to oratory, so is currency to journalism. But what sort of news, what sort of currency? I answer: trustworthy information of some use, interest, and import, recent enough to be given to the public for the first time; and, if commented upon, to be fairly commented upon. I do not believe it to be the mission of journalism to fish in the sewers for scandal, and to loiter up and down the world in quest of gossip. There are many things not fit to be told that may amuse or disgust the public. This tendency to arraign, to accuse, arising out of the critical nature of the work set before the journalist, might be given a better and happier direction, if it were confined to the laws of evidence and usage which prevail in our old-established courts; if it based itself on investigation; if it pursued its mission through the sunshine and not through the darkness. Nay, if it would be a most pleasing, popular element, it should be wittily instead of savagely severe." There is much of good advice, much of useful information in all that he has said. Would that the conductors of our newspapers might hearken to his words, and act upon the suggestions which he has made. Public morality would be benefitted thereby, and public sentiment assume a healthful tone that it has not known since sensationalism first sprang into existence.

[For The Guardian.]
ANGELUS.

At dawn the joyful choir of bells
In consecrated citadels
Flings on the sweet and drowsy air,
A brief, melodious call to prayer;
For Mary, Virgin melancholy,
Conceived of the spirit Holy,
As the Lord's angel did declare.
Ave Maria!

At noon, above the fretful street
Some souls are lifted to repeat
The prayer with low and wistful voice—
According to Thy word and choice,
Though sorrowful or heavy laden,
So be it done to Thy handmaiden!
And all the sacred bells rejoice.
Ave Maria!

At eve, with roses in the west,
The daylight's withering bequest,
Ring prayerful bells, while blossom bright
The stars, the lilies of the night:
Of all the songs the years have sung us,
'The Word made flesh has dwelt among us'
Is still our ever new delight!
Ave Maria!

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

[For The Guardian.]
BIBLE STORIES MIRRORED IN A MODERN MIND.
BY CLOUDLET.

"I CAN never make it seem that people of ancient times were like the people of the present day. The old world, in my imagination, is filled with heroes and saints;" said Letitia to her mother—my friend Clotilde. Letitia was fifteen years of age, and wished to subject every problem of life proposed to her to a mathematical demonstration. "Indeed, my dear," replied her mother, "your method of reasoning is peculiar, and certainly has led you to an erroneous conclusion this time. If the hateful jealousy of Miss P——, and the want of charity in the Rev. A. B. have scandalized you, is it any reason or sign that such scandals are new in the world's history? Do you really think that heroes and saints spring up like mushrooms, instead of being formed by adversity and trial? Reflect that when Adam sinned, the world became enslaved to Satan, and Christ came to draw it from this slavery, and lead it on to the highest

perfection for which it was first created. Is it possible that nothing has yet been effected? My child, the entire race of man has been elevated by Christianity, and the wickedness of the wicked has only been permitted for the good of the just. Reflect on the lives of the prophets, as related in the Old Testament, and you will see that their labor consisted mostly in rebuking and otherwise opposing the shameful excesses of priests and princes."

"Mother," interrupted Letitia, "will you not please fulfill your promise to relate the story of Samuel, his parentage, and the scene with the witch after his death? When I read it, I got so bewildered in the camps of the Ammonites and the Philistines that I had no clear conception of the various characters."

"These stories show plainly that the wickedness of the present day was not unknown in that age; therefore, I gladly accede to your request," rejoined Clotilde, and then she continued thus: "To assist your conception, then, let us imagine an oriental villa seated among olive and vine-yards on an eastern slope of Mount Ephraim, about the year of the world 2890, when the divine law-giver, Christ, was still the expected, and His teachings quite unknown. The proprietor, Elcana, you will discover by his noble and dignified bearing, marked with that suavity which seems in keeping with a life of pastoral independence. He is of the tribe of Levi, and a true nobleman among God's chosen race; yet he has two wives, for the Hebrews did not understand the higher law of monogamy, and were permitted to practice polygamy as Christians are now permitted to marry the second time, when the first marriage is annulled by death. That sweet, gentle creature, evidently given to reflection, and apparently sensitive; quite unlike the majority of women, is Anna. You may perceive a lonely, sorrowful expression about her eye. Anna is childless. That tall, handsome lady is Elcana's other wife—Phennena. In the gleam of her eye she discovers her haughty and ignoble disposition—she is the mother of many children.

Letitia, you can not overestimate the social advantages to be derived from the Christian laws relating to marriage, and it is a subject on which I wish you to reflect. In our day, the father of lies is striving to spread his doctrines on marriage, in order to overturn civilized society. If we really could look into the every-day-life of this ancient family, we might begin to form some conception of the envies, jealousies, and trials that result not alone from open polygamy as practiced by Mohamedans and Mormons, but likewise from unchristian principles on the subject of marriage itself. A false idea has become prevalent, growing out of marriage having been reduced to a civil contract, which its advocates state in this way: "The civil marriage," say they, "by right can only represent the true marriage of love which is not subject to compulsion, but free, and is that joining together of two which is by God forbidden to be sundered; therefore, this civil contract should cease as soon as love ceases, because, in itself and without love, it can not be marriage." Unfortunate dupes of heresy—these persons confounded an ignoble passion with pure and true love. I never felt real sympathy for poor Anna until I was on one occasion thrown unavoidably into the family circle of one of these progressive spirits, and perceived what a vantage-ground was possessed therein by the demons. But to return: Phennena was jealous of Anna, and sought, by every means she could devise, to torment and insult her. She prided herself on her numerous family of sons and daughters, and nothing cut Anna so to the very heart's-core as to be taunted by her proud rival with being under the ban of Jehovah because of her sterility. Secretly she feared that the taunt might be true—that she might indeed be under the curse of God—and as the days of solemn sacrifice approached, Phennena's contempt became almost insupportable, and reached its climax when Elcana distributed the portions and gave to Phennena according to the number of her offspring—she receiving them with malicious sneers and triumphant glances at Anna, who had only one portion. It was on an occasion such as I have described that Anna, no longer able to resist, yielded to her depression of spirits, left her food untasted, and wept bitterly.

Much of Phennena's malice was adroitly concealed from Elcana; for he loved Anna, and thought he saw in her a symbol and renewed promise of that woman—the dear maiden-mother by whom the serpent's head would one day be crushed, so superior was she in all her ways to the women of the age, and when he perceived her grief, he said soothingly to her: "Why dost thou weep, my Anna?—is not my love more to thee than ten children?" Even this kindness seemed to thrust a new and barbed arrow into her wounded heart, for she could not explain her sadness without seeming envious or jealous, or at least unnecessarily exacting. Realizing this, she concluded that silence would be wisest; and drying her eyes, she strove to resume her accustomed cheerfulness, and took some food. Her humble effort was recompensed; for peace came, and, folding its wings, nestled in her heart, and gave strength to turn alone to Him be-

fore whom the whole soul is open. With all this wealth of obedient submission she bowed before the tabernacle at Silo, in the presence of the God of her fathers, of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; and Heli, the high priest, was sitting by a post of the temple.

God often bestows great consolation on those who generously sacrifice their petty interests; thus, though at first Anna prayed in the bitterness of her soul, weeping, she was suddenly so wrapt in the union of inspired prayer as to be quite oblivious to all external things, and though her lips uttered no sound, they involuntarily moved obedient to the celestial flood which had engulfed her hitherto sorrowful soul in a transport of prayer containing a vow—that choicest treasure of God, whereby the creature is permitted to donate some gift to the Creator. Like a spring when first bubbling forth from some secret crevice in the rocks, these words had gushed from her inmost heart—she had never prayed the prayer before: "O Lord of hosts, if Thou wilt look down, and wilt be mindful of me, and not forget Thy handmaid, and wilt give to Thy servant a man-child, I will give him to the Lord all the days of his life, and no razor shall come upon his head?"

Such was her vow; and being pronounced, external things began again to impress her consciousness, as if approaching from afar, and, at length, she became aware of the voice of Heli, as he uttered the following words: "How long wilt thou be drunk, O woman? Digest a little of the wine of which thou hast taken too much." At first she did not think they were intended for her, but they sounded harsh and cruel in the warm atmosphere of her fervent prayer, like masses of ice borne by torrents over rocky precipices into sunny vales, and, by degrees, she comprehended that another, watching, had misjudged her. She was not tormented, however, for quickly came the thought that God, in sending this fresh trial, gave assurance that her vow was pleasing to Him, and, out of respect to Heli's office, she answered, humbly and calmly: "Count not thy handmaid for one of the daughters of Belial. I have drunk neither wine or any strong drink, but out of the abundance of my sorrow have I spoken hitherto." Then Heli, perceiving that her words were not the besotted utterances of intoxication, knew his mistake, and strove to repair the fault by answering: "Go in peace, and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition."

Anna was never sad henceforth, for the light that had entered her soul was not intended to be extinguished, but rather as an assistance in the fulfillment of the vocation marked out for her from the beginning. She was to be the mother of a great prophet; one courageous in reproving the iniquity of persons in high positions, and remedying great evils; a man that will not be governed by popular opinion, avarice, or love of pleasure; one not to be duped by the false maxim, *vox populi, vox Dei*. (The voice of the people is the voice of God.) The vocation of motherhood may be a most noble and holy one.

Peacefully now the days rolled on; not that Phennena had become more amiable, but the Lord had taught Anna how to rejoice in affliction; and now, at length, see! her prayer is answered, and she holds tenderly in her arms her first-born, a babe of wonderful beauty and intelligence. She calls him Samuel—because Samuel signifies asked of God. Listen! She is murmuring to herself: "Yes, the name of my child shall always remind me that God has bestowed what was asked, and that he hates a broken vow. I must never forget what I promised in return." Now, noting his intelligent ways, a thought flashes across her mind that he is quite superior to the sons of her rival, and a blush mantles her cheek from fear that Phennena, who is watching her, may read her thought, and be pained. Often her heart palpitates with the emotion of increasing love; then, musing on the mission of one asked of God, a vision of care and anxiety, of trial and suffering, floats dimly before her, and she presses her son the more closely, but whispers: "I have given him back to God." It is a hard trial, but she is not ignorant that God's work is calling for heroic hearts and active hands to stay the flowing tide of idolatry that threatens to sweep true worship from the earth; neither is she ignorant of the avarice and licentiousness of the priesthood, and how the people's rights are trampled on with impunity, for then, as now, the people discover the faults of their spiritual superiors, and reported them in secret chit-chat more readily than they did their good deeds; and it is not strange that a shiver of dread creeps through her mother-heart, and curdles in her veins, as she seems to hear the voice of God, deep down in her soul, reminding her that his work must be perfected through suffering. The mother finds it necessary to support her vow by a new resolution. Where one less devoted would have sought some excuse for retaining the child for a longer period, Anna heroically determines to make the care of the child her special business, and secluding herself, not even to go to the yearly sacrifice, until she can carry him with her to abide forever in the temple before the Lord,

according to her promise. It is, therefore, while Samuel is still very young that he is weaned, and prepared for his journey to Silo; and Anna takes with her three calves, three bushels of flour, and a bottle of wine. When she arrives at her destination a calf is immolated, and the child offered to Heli. At the same time she tells the high priest that Samuel has been given to her in answer to prayer, and reminds him of the incidents of her first visit; then, in a transport of wonder, she improvised that sublime and prophetic canticle, which you, Letitia, have said reminds you of our Lady's *magnificat*, after which she takes leave of her child tenderly, but not sorrowfully, and returns to Mount Ephraim with Elcana. At intervals she visits Silo, taking with her such garments as she delights to make for the little dweller in the temple; and on one of these occasions, after Heli had blessed both parents, the priest addressing Elcana said: "May the Lord give thee seed of this woman for the loan thou hast lent to the Lord." In answer to this prayer, Anna became eventually the mother of other sons and daughters, when her first-born was made a victim and sacrifice, as Mary, on Calvary, became the mother of the Christian race.

It is silent in the temple. Near the ark of God Samuel is slumbering. Child, asked of God, in thy innocence sleep on! Thou dost not yet know what commission is in store for thee, but methinks there is a trifle of sadness in the smile that flickers over thy baby-features! Slumber on! The angels stand guard where thy mother would so love to be. Sleep thou also in thy place, Heli! Alas! thou art weighed in the balance of justice and found wanting. Thy spiritual eyes have become dim, or thou wouldst not slumber. Where are thy sons? Dost thou not already know that they are children of Belial—that they know not the Lord, nor the office of the priest to the people? Angels, rouse this inert old man, before it shall be said, with an oath of God: "The iniquity of thy house shall not be expiated with victims nor offerings forever." Touch his heart, that he may realize how great before the Lord is the abomination of scandalous neglect and sin in one consecrated! How great the sin of the young men in its consequence, since it withdraws unstable men from the sacrifice, and makes them abhor the offering of the Lord! Father Heli, do you not see how the servants of the priests come, while the flesh of the people's sacrifice is already boiling in the pot, and thrusting in their flesh-hooks, draw it forth for the priests, and if the people resist, how they threaten to use force to complete the injustice? How they sin against purity, watching for those that wait at the door of the tabernacle? One warning voice has been sent thee from the Most High, in these words: "Why, O Heli, hast thou kicked away my victims and my gifts which I commanded to be offered in the temple? Why hast thou honored thy sons to eat the first fruits of every sacrifice of my people Israel, rather than me? Behold, the days come and I will cut off thy arm, and the arm of thy father's house! and thou shalt see thy rival in the temple, in all the prosperity of Israel, and this is the sign that shall be given thee: Thy two sons shall both die in one day, saith the Lord." Though thou hast heard this warning, Heli, with a slight reproof and indignation thou hast eased thy heart of all responsibility. Better for the people to have no priests, than such unworthy ones! Sleep on; the day of retribution is at hand!

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

UNDER the caption "How to Subdue the Indians," the Baltimore *Catholic Mirror* has an article which contains much useful advice, affording a solution to the Modoc muddle. Let the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Cabinet at Washington but read the records of the Catholic missionaries who have labored in the party among the Indians, and then consider properly the propositions made by the *Mirror*. "The Commissioner of Indian Affairs will do well to consider one or two matters, which evidently have never entered his head. First, to advise Mr. Secretary Delano to desist from sending, or procuring to be sent, such information to the Senate as that furnished a year or two ago by one Rev. Spaulding, a former so-called Indian missionary, whose selfish speculations among the Nez Percés and other tribes led to an attempt on his scalp, which would have been an eminently successful one but for the heroic efforts of Father Brouillet to save it at the risk of his own life. The priest saved the parson, who duly thanked him, and, twenty years later, informed the Senate of the United States that Father Brouillet was responsible for the attack on him, and for the murder, by the savages, of a dozen other persons engaged in the Protestant Missionary business among the Oregon Indians. The Presbyterians and Methodists were determined to beat the Catholic missionaries in one field if they could not do it in another. The priests having, some how or other, softened the savage heart and brought large numbers of the most untameable of the tribes into the Church, and the

sectarian ministers failing utterly to do one or the other, the situation presented the single alternative to the latter of frankly surrendering the field of conversion or of entering an entirely different one—that of defamation. The Rev. Spaulding chose the latter, and his calumnies became a part of the legislative acts of the grave and revered Senate.

In the second place, we have to advise the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and all those whom it may concern at Washington, that there is but one way out of the disgraceful confusion and hopeless incapacity which now prevail in the treatment, by the Government, of the ever-recurring and unsolved Indian problem. Send for the priests of the Catholic Church whom the Indians trust and love; send for such apostolic men as Father de Smet and his companions, and put them in the advance guard of all your Peace Commissioners. They don't want the spoils, won't touch your supplies to the submissive tribes, and are entirely willing that the other members of the commissions may enjoy all the emoluments, perquisites, big profits and newspaper glory of every expedition. But whenever the outraged and betrayed red man, with the instinct of revenge fired by repeated wrongs to deeds of blood, stands in your path, and levels his rifle or lifts his tomahawk—depend on it the Catholic Missionary will be the very man for you then. He will go bare his breast, and stand by the red man's side, and you will find that the deadly weapon will be lowered, and the wrath of the savage will be turned away.

But in the third place, and the last, we do advise you, at this stage of your proceedings to abstain from further perfidy and wrong. You yourself do not do either, perhaps; and perhaps, again, mean excellently in all your intentions toward the Indians. But your intentions are not carried out by the present Peace Commission. The Indian has an invincible prejudice against it. He is stupid enough to think it cheats. He perversely sees, or thinks he sees, big contracts and rich jobs peeping out among the leaves of the open Bible which the pious Commission carries along for its conversion. Whether he is right or wrong, such is his inveterate opinion. Now try the priest, and believe us, if your problem can be solved by any man—he is the man for your purpose. We give you the advice without charge.

THE N. Y. *Freeman's Journal* comes to the defense of "Bishop Gilmour's Pastoral" in some very strong language: "Bishop Gilmour has denounced the *Public School System*, as run without religion, or with false religionism, and supported by tax on all citizens. The cry is adopted that this is an attack on one of the fundamental institutions of the country. Since when? It was no such thing, here, in the days of our fathers. It was not in our young days. It was not generally, even in our State of New York, thirty years ago. It has grown up coincident with the age of Colfax, Patterson and Pomeroy—the *Credit Mobilier* heroes of perjury, bribery and general corruption. It is a modern growth, coincident with the decay of political and social virtue in our country.

Bishop Gilmour is considered as branding the loose notions held in regard to marriage. Of course he must, as a Catholic Bishop, denounce the existing civil laws, on this subject demoralized, and demoralizing.

Christian marriage is a union of one man with one woman, indissoluble, except by the death of one of the parties. The Gospel of Christ, even as given in the common Protestant translation, announces, most distinctly, that "he that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery." But the civil laws, in most of our States, permit divorces, and provide for securing them, with permission for the divorced parties to marry again.

Not only this, which the Gospel distinctly forbids in every case; these civil laws permit divorces on frivolous pretences, as for protracted desertion, or "incompatibility of temper." And so vile has the practice become that, every now and then, the newspapers tell of divorced persons having taken other partners and getting divorced from them, in turn, coming back and being "re-married" to each other! This moral confusion is waxing so great that, except by other crimes, no children are procreated; a boy or girl may soon need a memorandum-book to be sure of who his mother was—to say nothing of his father! And, in such a condition of affairs, the New England preacher Forbosh, in Cleveland, and the Cleveland *Leader* newspaper, dare to charge it as a fault in Bishop Gilmour that he denounces "the laws of the country in regard to civil marriage!" Why a decent *pagan* would denounce them! No one can refuse to denounce them, without flying in the face of the very Protestant Bible that is so highly recommended by some people as necessary to have read in schools!

But the key-note of the whole discussion turns on the proposition that we should "obey God rather than man," that we should put religion above all merely human enactments called laws. One would think that no man calling himself a believer in Divine Revelation would deny this. At the rate, we have been going on for twenty years

past, another twenty years may readily find us under the dominion of a man or a clique that will make a "law" that parents shall not teach their children the Lord's Prayer. Are we to obey that?

THE *New York Tablet*, in speaking of the action of Minister Washburne, in reference to Archbishop Darboy, who was shot by the Paris Commune, says: "The Catholics of this great Republic hold, and will ever hold in grateful remembrance, the fact that its Minister in France, Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, during that time or exceptional terror, the sanguinary reign of the Commune in Paris, in 1871, exerted himself to the utmost to save the life of the venerable Archbishop of that city, Mgr. Darboy, held as a 'hostage' by the leaders of that ferocious revolt, and that, failing in that cardinal object, he contributed, both by his visits and every possible attention, to mitigate the severity of the Archbishop's imprisonment and subjection to the cruel will of his lawless jailers. The *Catholic Union* (Circle of New York) only performed a duty of gratitude, then, in addressing to the large-hearted and generous Minister its letter of the 13th November last, acknowledging its lively sense of his humane and unsparing, though unfortunately unsuccessful, services in behalf of Archbishop Darboy and humanity. It was with justice that the Executive Committee took this step, in the name of the members of the Circle of New York; and their action may be considered as taken in behalf of the whole Catholic body in the United States. Minister Washburne received this letter when in New York, last December, and, on the eve of his return to his post, acknowledged its receipt in a brief note, to which he promised a fuller reply. His promise was faithfully kept, for, on the 31st of January, he transmitted from Paris, to the President of the Catholic Union of New York, a letter containing a detailed account of the sufferings and death of the Most Rev. George Darboy, which he supplanted by copies of the correspondence that passed between himself and Archbishop Chigi, the Apostolic Nuncio, and others, upon the subject of the release of the illustrious prisoner, and also of his dispatches upon the subject to the Government at Washington. This mournfully interesting letter was read by Dr. Anderson, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, at the Quarterly Meeting of the Circle, on March 3d. For the benefit of the members of the New York Circle, it has since been printed, and in addition thereto an Appendix, containing the correspondence and official documents to which we have alluded. The whole makes a pamphlet, as neat as its contents are valuable, of some forty pages."

GENERAL EUROPEAN NOTES.

FRANCE.—The National Assembly being enjoying its Easter recess, the public attention is now fixed upon the election to fill a vacancy in the representation of Paris, which comes off, we believe, to-morrow. What gathers considerable interest about this contest is the position of the candidates. Both are Republicans, but one was an Orleanist, like M. Thiers, and the other is a deep Red; one, M. Remusat, is Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the other, M. Barodet, is ex-Mayor of Lyons; one is the candidate of the Government, the other is the opponent of the Government, by whom he was most righteously dismissed. The Communists are all, of course, for Barodet, [Barodet has since been elected—ED.] but the Republicans, even on the far left, are divided. The success of M. Remusat would be a feather in the President's cap, but his defeat would be a heavy blow, and a great discouragement, to use Lord Melbourne's memorable remark. The odds are decidedly in favor of the Secretary of State, though it is probable that his pronouncement in favor of the Republic will lose him the votes of many Legitimists and Imperialists. But, on the other hand, the payment of ten millions sterling of the German war fine, on the 5th of this month, without any pressure upon the French finances or industrial resources, and the successful negotiation of the Convention, which will put an end to the German occupation, next September, will secure for M. Remusat much support among the Parisians of different political parties. The law reorganizing the Municipal Government of Lyons has been published, and all authority has passed from the hands of the Red Republicans of that city. Prince Napoleon Gerome has issued an address to his constituents in Corsica, in which he very properly denounces the treatment he has received from the Government, the National Assembly, and the French Courts of Law, and the new law of exclusion against the imperial family as unjust and vindictive; but he justly refers to them as evidences of the strong hold Imperialism has upon the feelings and affections of the French, for these measures were evidently dictated by fear. No exceptional laws or proceedings are necessary against the despised or the impotent.—*Register of 19th ult.*

IRELAND.—The desire among the young men of the United Kingdom, more especially in Ireland, to be "gen-

tle men by profession"—that is to say, to become lawyers or doctors—is very absorbing. When a small shop-keeper in Ireland, by industry, gets on in the world and develops into a rich merchant and retires into dignified private life, his wife and daughters, (supposing him to be so blessed) "go in" for being fine ladies, and turn up their noses at "business people," and his sons lounge about after the approved fashion of the youthful members of the genuine aristocracy, whose manners and habits, including all their vices, they imitate with a monkey-like talent. Instead of following their father's business, they get called to the Bar, with "Barrister-at-Law" after their names, or join the much-crowded medical profession. The "Governor" allows them so much a year to live on "until they rise in their profession," and as this latter event doesn't arrive during their natural lives, they remain helpless pensioners on the parental purse to the end of the melancholy chapter. Ireland has a large number of this class of men, who, for the most part, are utterly worthless as citizens, and of no benefit whatever to themselves or any body at large. There are others who prefer semi-starvation in the ranks of one of the "learned professions" to independence, and, perhaps, wealth, in connection with trade and commerce. These are young men who, without any means to fall back upon, become Barristers, and whose lives, in very many instances, are a daily struggle with poverty. Being "gentlemen" by virtue of this profession, they are precluded from earning money in a variety of ways open to others who are not "gentlemen" in this very limited sense of the word; they can not extract the wages of a day laborer from the "learned profession" to which they belong, and the result is, that they starve on, year after year, sad victims to "gentility." If you walk into the hall of our "Four Courts" any day in Term-time, you will see many representatives of this infatuated class, duly whigged and gowned, wandering purposely about, with the idle hands deep in their empty pockets, wearily waiting for those briefs and fees that never come.

The sad end this week of one of these poor Barristers who can't "get on" should be a warning to young men without means, who are contemplating joining a profession in which they may have to wait for years (perhaps for ever) before they are able to earn as much as would support them. Mr. Hugh Weightman is a Barrister of thirty years' standing at the English Bar. He is a man of learning and good rhetorical powers, and until recently he enjoyed an unblemished reputation. He had worked hard, and had written many law books; he was sober and studious; but somehow he couldn't get on—in short, he was frequently as destitute a man as any outcast in the city of London. He took a volume of an American legal work, one day, from the library of the Inner Temple and sold it for ten shillings. He was tried, and convicted of theft. Among the witnesses who testified to his upright character previously through life was Archbishop Manning. When asked if he had any thing to say, he unfolded as sad a tale as ever was told in a Court of Justice. In the first place, he asked the Judge to disregard the recommendation to mercy which accompanied the verdict of conviction, and to give him the extreme sentence of penal servitude "for five years," in the hope that he might find, even in a felon's grave, that repose which he had, in vain, sought in the world, whether in literature or in the daily pursuits of life. He said he had done all that mortal man could do to obtain an honest and honorable livelihood. He had lived for weeks and months without a dinner, simply on bread and tea, and such nutriment as these, he had sold his coat and the shirt from his back in order to supply his daily wants. He prayed that justice might not be tempered with mercy, so that in his grave might be buried all the hopes he once had, and all the shame he now incurred. The Judge sentenced him to six months' imprisonment with hard labor; and this was the fate of Hugh Weightman, Barrister-at-Law and Legal Author, after a life of unsuccessful toiling and secret suffering. What infatuation made this poor man cling so desperately to a profession in which he lived a life of trouble, anxiety and want?—*Correspondent N. Y. Tablet.*

ITALY.—So much has been said in Protestant England and America about the ignorance of Italian ladies, even by persons who know or ought to have known better, that it is but fair to say something concerning them. This winter has given a very fair opportunity of judging the state of their education, and it contrasts favorably with that of young women of a similar position in New York. The lectures of Father Secchi were attended by nearly a thousand young ladies of the upper and middle classes of society, almost all of them Romans. The lectures were delivered in French, and yet it is safe to say the fair ones present understood every word he spoke. Can this be said of a New York fashionable audience? Could a thousand young New York belles be gathered together to listen to a French scientific lecture, and thoroughly understand it? It is doubtful. Yet at least half the ladies present understood English and German quite as well as French. Another proof that female edu-

cation has not been neglected here. At the Cancellaria Palace a series of concerts have been given this Lent, of sacred music of the most difficult character. The singers were not professionals, but amateurs belonging to the first society, and it is not too much praise to bestow on them when we give the universal opinion of the entire city of Rome that never, before or since, have the *Stabat*s of Pergolese and Rossini been given as by those ladies and gentlemen. Two ladies, well known in fashionable circles, Signora Giamoli and Signora Parisoffi, are singers of the very highest order—quite the equals of—not the great artists of to-day, but of those of twenty-five years ago, when singing was an art. To hear these two ladies sing the *Quis est homo* of Rossini is to be transported to the times of la Brambilla and la Persiani, Alboni and Crisi. The chorus, very numerous and complete, is entirely composed of amateurs, but they are perfect artists, one and all. So even music is not neglected by those "high-born Roman dames," who, a recent English writer in a popular magazine, declared were so ignorant that they could not write their names, but signed with a cross. They do, indeed, often make the sign of the cross, but not in the sense conveyed by the sapient scribe in question, and it would be well for him if he follow their example.—*Review.*

RUSSIA.—The *Osservatore Romano* publishes the following highly interesting particulars about the Catholic Church in Russia: "The great question which agitates the Catholics of Russia at present is the new Latino-Russo ritual. The prelates administering the dioceses of Mohylen, Vilna and Minsk have accepted it, advising the deacons and curates to do the same, although all innovation in ritual is reserved to the Pope. The other bishops have refused to acknowledge it, and Mgr. Borowsky, Bishop of Zytomn, has been deposed by the Government in consequence. The use of the Russian language in the sermons, etc., has caused considerable annoyance to many Catholics in Russia, and has even made them believe that the priests who followed the new ritual were not orthodox." Father Gagarin, S. J., writes in the *Journal de Bruxelles* "that it is no patriotic movement, this universal objection to the new ritual, but a fear entertained by the Catholics that the priests who use it are not genuine." The people dread this; they fear that it will be only a way of leading them quietly into the Russian Church, and therefore are resolved to preserve the Latin rite at any price. It must be remembered that the majority of Catholics in Russia are Poles, and that hitherto almost every prayer not immediately included in the Mass has been said in Polish. At Vilna, up to October, 1872, the *Te Deum* for the birthday of the Emperor was said in Polish; last year, however, it was chaunted in Russian, to the great indignation of the people. In some places, for instance at Szarole and Samogigia, the Russian authorities have seized the Catholic churches and imprisoned the priests for refusing to use the "Imperial language" instead of Polish. It is hoped that the Pope will be able to induce the Empress of Russia, when he sees her, to beseech the Emperor to put some stop to this useless persecution of his Catholic subjects.

SPAIN.—There is really nothing new from the Peninsula. We have several letters from special and occasional correspondents, and telegrams in abundance, but nothing new. The Radicals, who made Madrid too hot for Amadeo, can not come to terms with Figueras and the Republicans, and the Carlists are, if not making way, at all events holding their ground against the Government *de facto*. This is a state of things that can not last long. The Republic must perish or put down Carlism within a very short time. The issue in Madrid will probably be a military Dictatorship, and the Dictator will, of course, throw his sword into the scale for Don Carlos or the Prince of the Austrians, as his personal interests shall dictate. It is not undeserving of notice that Serrano still remains in seclusion. It is said that he and the Conchas have come to an understanding—for what purpose time will tell. It is gratifying to learn that the Republicans, even the Reds among them, have found it expedient to show a respect for the religious observances of Holy Week, and that at Madrid, and in the provinces, the services in the cathedrals were well attended by well-conducted multitudes.—*Ibid.*

GERMANY.—The bill suppressing those provisions in the Prussian Constitution which secured the independence of the Catholic and Lutheran churches having become law, Bismarck will not have much trouble in passing those other laws, by which he proposes to make both churches the abject slaves of the State. As an inducement to the Conservative party in the Upper House to assent to these measures, we understand that a positive assurance has been conveyed to them from the King, that the laws will not be rigidly executed, but will rather be held in reserve to meet necessities which are not expected to arise. An unfriendly feeling has sprung up in Bavaria against the encroachment of the Imperial German Government upon the privileges of the kingdom.

But it is too late. The King of Bavaria is no longer a potentate, he is but a liveried lacquey of the Imperial House of Brandenburg; and the sooner the Royal "John Thomas" lays aside his high airs the better for himself, if he desires to retain his place.—*Ibid.*

NOTES FROM ROME.

GOOD FRIDAY IN ROME.—In no sense is Good Friday a Roman holiday. This morning the shops are all open; brick-layers and carpenters are at their noisy toil; the *Osservatore* and *Voce della Verità* came out as usual; everybody in working garb has betaken himself to his ordinary avocations. By a happy instinct, the Italians, like all Catholic nations, enter of themselves and readily into the changeable spirits of the devotions of Holy Church. One feels that this solemn fast is no time for relaxation, and that, of all days in the year, in this it is most meet that man eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. I have heard of some pious souls who, while giving the last days of Lent to penitential retreat, make a point of performing the trifling act of mortification included in an hour's servile work on Good Friday. In the metropolis of Christendom, we are far from the perverse Sabbatism that lays down the impossibility of purchasing food and drink as primary condition of a Christian festival; and allots to the Church's austere commemoration of our Lord's sufferings prominent place in a mutilated list of red-letter days. In Rome, buying and selling on Good Friday has but one seemly limitation. In his Lenten Indult, the Cardinal Vicar enjoins the closing of butcher's shops on Ash Wednesday, on the Ember Days, on the vigils of St. Joseph and the Annunciation, and from Thursday to Saturday of Holy Week, that is to say, on the days to which the dispensation of abstinence does not extend. As late as the reign of Leo XII, the public sale of meat was prohibited during the whole of Lent. More anciently, this observance was enforced with so much vigor that even the sick had to be supplied (so I learn from a newspaper scrap) from the dispensary hospital, the managers of which were, by Papal grant, in the enjoyment of the singular monopoly. Up to 1870, the retailing of flesh-meat on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday was an offense punishable with confiscation of the interdicted wares. Those not intending to abstain had to provide themselves betimes; but the good old custom was, otherwise, without inconvenience. Eating-house keepers and landlords of hotels and cafés were permitted to cater to their customers as usual, provided they served forbidden dishes in private rooms, and not in their open shop or coffee-room. Thanks to the Revolution, this last vestige of mediæval rigor is falling into desuetude. The more heathenish among the Italianissimi have their execrable Good Friday banquet of unlawful viands. Unbelievers and nominal Catholics multiply fast. To persist in the stringency of primitive discipline in respect to the sale of meat would be a deceptive sham, such as the Church loves not. In pastoral since the invasion, his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar softens his positive command with a simple recommendation. The Church's leniency comes opportune for poor tradesmen reluctant to forfeit *buzzurri* custom. But the worshipful Company of Roman Butchers have not quite turned their back upon the time-honored usages of their Guild. Going to St. Peter's, I remarked that more than one meat vendor has, for to-day, hermetically sealed his diminutive and not over prepossessing *bottega*, and that it would be necessary to knock up and scandalize half a neighbourhood, prior to proffering a request for interdicted creature comforts. To-morrow the trades that lose by Lent and gain by Easter, decorate and illuminate their shops. The *Pizzicarioli*—a miscellaneous business, having no single British representative—are, in particular, renowned for their Holy Saturday embellishments. Fancy an open store, twelve feet long and three times as deep, with fifty or sixty tallow candles lighting up an artistic array of colored Easter eggs, gilded hams, silver-spangled bladders of lard, the whole set off by chains of sausages fantastically festooned, and made to centre in the gaily-colored Madonna, with its ever-burning oil lamp—that indispensable item among the fixtures of a shop genuinely Roman. *Apropos* of these little shrines, I have a trifle, my only excuse for presenting which is, that I am exceeding loth to pass this week from lowly Roman usages to that far less attractive topic, the doings of King Victor Emmanuel and his revolutionary satellites. Last Immaculate Conception, an individual of demeanor and accent indicative of sub-Alpine nationality, came to spend a *grosso* (a small coin, worth twopence-halfpenny, English money) in a Roman butcher's shop. Receiving his scrap of meat, he had the impertinence to ask, jeeringly, how the honest salesman could afford, in these hard times, to keep so many candles burning before his Madonna. "She," replied the butcher, pointing to the faded picture at the bottom of the rude store, "is the Mistress of this shop." And, turning to his boy, "Run directly, and buy two more candles with this gentleman's *grosso*. One can never have too many on a feast day like this. Only

to think," he subjoined, out of the *buzzurri's* hearing, "that people should come to buy a grosso of meat, and then talk against my Madonna!"—*London Register Correspondence*.

THE VANSITTART OUTRAGE—ROME, April 6.—The great event of the past few days has undoubtedly been the cruel outrage of which Mr. Vansittart and the young counts Antonelli and Brazza were victims. The following is a truthful account of this abominable occurrence: Mr. Vansittart and his two friends attended High Mass at the Gesu on March 26th, and remained some time after the sermon of Father Paradiso; in short, until the end of the mid-day Mass. Scarcely had the three young men appeared upon the threshold of the church ere they were selected as leading *cacciapreti*, or "clericals," and insulted by a crowd of about sixty roughs. Count Antonelli, irritated at the coarse words launched at him and his companions, answered somewhat sharply, in Italian, that he intended no harm to any body, and wished to be left alone. Two men then seized him, as also young Brazza, by the collar of the coat, and shook them both violently, whilst the mob yelled in triumph. Vansittart flew to the rescue, and received three violent blows—two on the head and one on the arm, which knocked him down. By this the police, who had been quietly looking on all the time, became suddenly active, and some kind of movement toward aiding the young men was made. Mr. Vansittart was picked up and carried into the Austrian Minister's palace, hard by, and attended to, whereas the other two gentlemen were placed in cabs and driven home. A number of arrests were made, both of Liberals and Catholics. Another Count Antonelli, brother of the wounded man, was also arrested—why or wherefore no one knows—in all probability in order to show "fairness," so that, if the Liberals were taken into custody, they could not complain that the Catholics were left at large. However, the next day, every body was liberated on parole, including the fellows who assaulted Mr. Vansittart, notwithstanding that the blows dealt him were inflicted with a piece of iron, with evidently murderous intent. Mr. Vansittart has addressed a letter to the *Osservatore*, in which he declares solemnly that he had no intention whatever of creating a disturbance, and that it is positively untrue that either his companions or himself looked defiantly at the mob, a fact very easily believed, as no three young men of decent education, out of a mad-house, would so look at a crowd composed of at least sixty of the roughest and worst class of society. The Liberal papers try to excuse the affair by declaring that it was provoked by the attitude of the gentlemen; but this is too thin. The victims of the outrage are well known in the best society of the city, and, undoubtedly, the Liberals have done themselves a serious injury by molesting them. Mr. Vansittart is a gentleman of birth and education, and an English subject. Naturally, the English Government will make minute inquiries into the whole business, and this can not fail to increase the feeling of disgust which regenerated Italy already begins to awaken in the eyes of her once enthusiastic friend. It is strange how the opinion of England is altered within a few years concerning Italy, and the Government here is well aware of it. Of the other two young men, one is Count Antonelli, a nephew of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and the other, Brazza, a youth of noble family also. Young Mr. Vansittart is still in bed, and has received the visits of both the English Ministers to the Quirinal and to the Vatican, as also of the Russian, French, Belgian and Austrian ambassadors to the Holy See. He is in no danger, yet the poor young man has had to suffer considerable pain and annoyance. The Government has been completely taken aback by this incident, and can have no plausible excuse to offer, unless it affirms that public opinion is so excited on religious subjects in Rome at present, that it has become dangerous to go to church, and that those who do so must take the consequences. The Roman people, who live on foreigners, are exasperated to an extreme degree with the Liberals for this last sample of their skill. It does Rome incalculable injury. The Court of the Quirinal is too unpopular to be of any service to the city. It does not attract the Roman aristocracy. Half the great folks who come to Rome prefer meeting the Italian Royal Family either of Naples or Florence; so that they remain, when in the Holy City, pretty generally incognito. An instance in question is that of the Empress of Russia. In old times, had so important a lady passed through Rome, she would, undoubtedly, have stayed some little time, have paid her respects to the Holy Father, and, in all probability, having received those attentions due to her exalted rank, offered several splendid entertainments to the native and foreign nobility. But, being obliged to avoid the Savoyards, she has simply continued her journey to Naples without more ado. Mr. Vansittart's disaster, of course, being the talk of Europe, will naturally deter people from coming to Rome, and, consequently, the landlords will lose a good deal by not letting their apartments, and the shop-

keepers by not selling their goods. People fear that the end of it all will be, that the Romans, exasperated, will lose their temper, and, rising to a man, attempt to drive the *buzzurri* out, and then, as the troops will be summoned to the rescue, there will be bloodshed. The *Capitale* says, "that we shall see, before long, terrible times." God help us!—*Brooklyn Review Cor.*

BISHOP CORRIGAN'S CONSECRATION.

THE *New York World* of the 5th inst., has the following account of Bishop Corrigan's consecration: Newark was crowded yesterday with devout Catholics from all sections of the State, anxious to witness the consecration of the newly appointed Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan. The sacred rite was administered in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and was the first ceremony of the kind that has taken place in New Jersey, the Right Rev. Bishop Bayley having been consecrated in New York. The weather was fine, and the streets crowded. A few moments after the doors of the Cathedral were thrown open, the spacious edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity, the seats and aisles being filled. Shortly after half-past ten o'clock the grand procession of archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, and acolytes moved from the Episcopal residence in Bleeker Street to the Cathedral, Bishop Corrigan being attired in vestments furnished by the clergy of St. James Church, the *pontificalia* ordered from Europe by the priests of the diocese, and intended as a present from them to the new Bishop not having arrived. In the procession were Archbishop McCloskey, of New York; Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore; Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia; De Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt.; Conroy, of Albany; O'Reilly, of Springfield; McFarland, of Hartford; Hendrecken, of Providence; Ryan, of Buffalo; Becker, of Wilmington; O'Hara, of Scranton; Wallhama, of Ogdensburg; Shanahan, of Harrisburg, and others. The procession passed up the aisle, the seminarians from Seton Hall preceding, and entered the church. Archbishop McCloskey acted as consecrator, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishops of Brooklyn (Loughlin) and Louisville (McCloskey). The Archbishop was invested with full pontificals, and the Bishop-elect put on the emic, alb, cincture, and stole. He also took the cope and sandals. Archbishop McCloskey being invested, took his seat at the altar. The Bishop-elect was then led to him by the assistant bishops. After saluting the consecrator, they took their seats, the senior Bishop on the right and the junior Bishop on the left. They then arose and uncovered their heads, the senior assistant addressing the consecrator: "Most Reverend Father, our holy mother the Catholic Church requires of you to raise this priest here present to the burdensome office of a bishop." The Archbishop inquired, "Have you the apostolic commission?" The Bishop replied, "I have." The Archbishop said, "Let it be read." After this the Bishop-elect was conducted to the consecrator, before whom he knelt and kissed his hand. The consecrator next laid aside his mitre, turned to the altar and the mass proceeded as usual. The remainder of the consecration ceremonies, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, were continued for about two hours, until nearly one o'clock. Besides the reverend gentleman already mentioned as participating in the ceremony, there were the Deacons of Honor, Rev. Father Byrne and Rev. Father Pryor, O. S. B.; Assistant Priest, G. H. Doane; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. Dr. Concilio; Sub-Deacon, Rev. P. Hennessey. The Rev. James H. Corrigan read the apostolic mandate; the Rev. Fathers Sat and Messmer assisted the Bishop-elect. The seminarians from Seton Hall officiated as ministers of the mass. At the close of the consecration ceremony the new Bishop, arrayed in his magnificent robes and tiara, passed through the chancel giving his blessing. The *De Teum* had previously been sung. On the return of the new Bishop to the sanctuary an anthem was rendered and a prayer recited. Then Archbishop Bayley, having wished long life to his successor, the ceremony of the consecration proper terminated with the reading of the commencement of the Gospel of St. John. The Bishop of Rochester preached the sermon. Referring to the event of the day, he said: "Here, by me, sit bishops from all parts of the country. The Archbishop of Baltimore, your former Bishop of Newark, is among them. They all have gathered to witness the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Corrigan. His Holiness the Pope, acting for Our Father in heaven, has seen fit to place him in a position of honor and trust, and also of trials. The majority of my hearers are of his diocese. It is for you to be not only obedient, but of great help to him. You know him, and knowing can not but respect and love him. God has willed him here, and you will make his career a noble and promising one."

Rev. Father Killen had the management of the whole ceremony, assisted by an executive committee consisting of members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Young Men's Catholic Association, and the Young Men's Sodality. Rev. Charles A. Reilly and Father Dalton

led the chant in the sanctuary. Besides the *De Teum*, they sang, "The Litany of the Saints" and the "Veni Creator." After the services the bishops and clergy, with invited guests, dined in the hall of the Catholic Institute, which was decorated with flags and streamers in honor of the occasion. In the evening pontifical vespers were sung, and a sermon was preached by Father Hartsman, of the College of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia.

O'CONNELL.

A REVIEW and a leading article in the *Times* have called our attention to a biography of O'Connell, which has recently appeared from the pen of the Nun of Kenmare, and which was reviewed some time ago in our literary columns. It is not our intention to dwell, in the following remarks, either upon the book or the review of it in the *Times*. The leading article of our morning contemporary seems to us to demand more immediate notice. Both are written in a more generous spirit, and in a fairer tone than we could have expected, considering the terms on which, for more than thirty years, the liberator and that journal stood toward each other. The virulence and the acrimony with which, during that long period, the *Times* unceasingly abused O'Connell, misrepresented his actions, impugned his motives, distorted his words, in order to give point and force to an invective and hold him up to the hatred and scorn of the English people, were almost unparalleled in the *license* of the press. In the article before us we are glad to perceive the prompting of a widely different feeling. It is to some extent the *amende* of history for the wrongs of contemporary censure. The opening passages of the leading article on Monday, is a strictly accurate representation of O'Connell's position in Ireland. "He was the glory of Ireland," and when he ceases to be so, it will be a day fatal to the honor and the character for gratitude for benefactions of the Irish people; for in the world's history there can not be found the record of a man who loved his country more ardently, who labored for her reformation more zealously, more persistently, or with a more complete indifference to his personal interests. "And he was the scourge, the terror, and the rebuke of this isle," not because he disliked England, or failed, or refused to recognize the many noble and amiable qualities of the English people—for the contrary is in our own knowledge—but because England for ages had been, and down to a recent period continued to be, the cruel and relentless persecutor of his faith, and oppressor of his native land. "There never (continues the *Times*) could be any doubt that O'Connell represented Ireland as no other man ever had represented a country. He was not merely its spokesman, its elected chief, supported by a voluntary rent, the large distribution of Imperial patronage, all but sceptered and crowned, but he was Ireland herself in person." This is quite true. He was the living embodiment of Ireland. He thought as she, by her people, thought; he spoke as she felt, and every thought and act of his was suggested by an ever impelling desire to raise her from the degradation in which, when starting in life, he found her plunged deep, and, apparently, without hope. The observation of the *Times* that in later times he was all but sceptered and crowned may claim a kingly origin. It is told of George the Fourth that, on one occasion at Windsor, when the perfidious monarch's reluctant consent to Catholic emancipation was wrung from him, he declared that there were now three kings in the United Kingdom—King Dan, King Arthur, (Wellington) and King George, and that, of the three, the last was the least powerful. It is also true that O'Connell was, in one sense, the large distributor of imperial patronage. Undoubtedly for many years, especially between 1834 and 1841, the Imperial Government was willing to grant him any favors he asked; but in this fact consists, perhaps, his greatest glory, and his highest claim to the love of his country, and to the respect of strangers. For himself and his family he never sought, never received a ministerial favor. His great influence with those who were the dispensers of the favors of the Crown, and the emoluments of office, was used for others, for those whose only claim upon him was that they had done something toward the emancipation of the Irish and English Catholics—something for the benefit of Ireland. In fact, it was often said reproachfully of him that while through him strangers to his household were receiving valuable appointments, his own family were neglected; which was the more censurable that his private fortune was not great, and that his splendid professional income he sacrificed to what he believed to be his country's interests. The three members of his family who took official appointments—neither of them of great value—were indebted for these Crown favors to the Parliamentary influence of Protestant friends of their own—one of these friendships growing, curiously enough, out of a duel with a facetious Whig Peer, who fortunately escaped the perils of Chalk Farm, to die quietly, and in due course of nature, in his own chamber. So that though "a large distributor of

imperial patronage," O'Connell's own family was none the richer for its dispensation. And as to the "Rent" which his revilers turned so much to their purpose, the public little knew how comparatively small a portion of the gross amount found its way into O'Connell's credit at his bankers. He was beset by spungers, who absorbed a large portion of it. And even if the whole amount had been received by him, and appropriated exclusively to his private purposes, we have abundant grounds for arriving at the conclusion that, on the average of years, it would not have amounted to the income he would have derived from his profession had he wholly eschewed political agitation. As a lawyer, he held the highest place in the four courts, and as an advocate he had no rival. But from the richest source of forensic profit he was virtually excluded, while that most incompetent lawyer, and most malignant bigot—Lord Mannors—held the great seal of Ireland. That wretched chancellor was removed by Mr. Canning in 1827, and replaced by an able and honest English lawyer, Sir Anthony Hart, who at once recognized O'Connell's splendid abilities; and, by his courtesy and attention to his arguments, encouraged those solicitors to give him briefs who, for seventeen years before, though anxious to retain O'Connell's services, did not dare to deliver him a brief, lest his advocacy might injure their cause before the deeply prejudiced tribunal. Of this fact we had the clearest evidence in O'Connell's fee-book, shown to us by him in the autumn of 1828, from which it appeared that, in the first three terms of 1827-8, his fees in Chancery amounted to more than he had made in that Court for all the terms of the preceding ten years. That was the last year of his steady practice at the Bar, and his professional income in the three terms exceeded £5,000. He was then in the full vigor of his mental and physical powers, and it may be easily inferred from the facts we have stated, how great a professional income he would have made had he devoted his entire time to his profession after he achieved Catholic emancipation. But he had another and a grander object in view. It is an egregious mistake to imagine that the agitation for a repeal of the Union was caused by irritation at the conduct of the Whigs immediately after their accession to power; and it is a vile calumny to assert, as we have seen it asserted, that the object was to secure the "Rent." If O'Connell were capable of yielding to mercenary motives, his obvious course would have been to withdraw from politics and devote himself to his profession. He had done enough for glory. The past was crowned with victory; the future was hopeful, but darkened by doubt. He was upon an eminence on the 10th of April, 1829, from which it was impossible to pull him down. He could not then hold the great seal, but the rolls, and either of the three chief seats on the common law benches were within his grasp. At a later period he did refuse the Rolls, and the high judicial position of Lord Chief Baron. But though irritation, irritation at the elevation of Mr. Doherty to the chief seat in the Irish Court of Common Pleas, in 1830—did precipitate the agitation for repeal, the idea had, long before that, taken possession of O'Connell's mind and heart. When, during the agitation of the Catholic question, he was charged with having ulterior objects in view, his frank and honest answer was, "Yes—I avow it, I am an agitator with ulterior views," and he left no room for doubting what those views were, for he at once launched into a denunciation of the Legislative Union. We, who were at his side when he first raised the banner of repeal, admit that the moment was premature, but we utterly repel the notion that it was Quixotic or chimerical. There was a moment before 1847 when the government of the day was ready to negotiate the terms of a Federal Union. But young Irelandism intervened, the opportunity was destroyed, and O'Connell's great heart was broken by Billingsgate and the famine. Speaking with the confidence justified by our personal knowledge of O'Connell's sentiments and intentions before April, 1829, and between that period and January, 1831, we assert, in the most distinctive and positive terms, that there is no foundation in truth for the statement of the *Times*, that O'Connell, after winning emancipation, was driven to take up the repeal of the Union by his enslavement to the national humor. It is an utter misconception of the real state of affairs. As a repealer, O'Connell did not follow in any wake; he led the way. Of this the best possible proof is the line of conduct taken by the popular press, and by the leaders of the Catholic Association when the agitation for repeal was started. They held completely aloof. The *Morning Post*, which was substantially called into existence by O'Connell, was unfriendly, and the *Evening Post* was bitterly, rudely, and insolently hostile. The *Freeman's Journal* alone took its side with O'Connell and the national cause—a cause to which it has since honorably and undeviatingly adhered. At the first meeting convened by O'Connell, and held in a small room in a back street in Dublin, for the purpose of forming an association for effecting the repeal of the Legislative Union, the attendance was scant, and was remarkable for the con-

spicuous absence of every man who had won a name in the Catholic Association. The "Thanes" flew from their great chief, and some of them discounted their antagonism into good appointments under the Crown. Even the Catholic clergy, for some time looked on at least with indifference, and the people made no stir. It is, therefore, altogether a mistake to suppose that O'Connell was driven to take up repeal by enslavement to the national humor. He created that humor, and the nation followed him.—*London Register*.

MY COUSIN'S INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE only fault we could possibly find with the Gastons was that they were Roman Catholics. True, they were our own cousins, quite as well off as ourselves, and as well educated and respectable as any family in the country; but then, being Romanists, you know, they associated with such queer people, had such singular notions, and attended a church filled every Sunday with families that you and I would never think of speaking to, you know.

Aunt Mildred went to Mass with them one Sabbath, just out of curiosity, and declared there wasn't a decent bonnet in the whole congregation outside of Cousin Mary's pew; and father, who looked in at the chapel on Christmas Day, told us he didn't see a single carriage at the entrance—nothing but a lot of farmers' and workmen's wagons.

Nevertheless, the Gastons were charming people. Our affection for them went to the full extent of our cousinly relationship, and I in particular—by the way, I forgot to introduce myself—George Willoughby, at your service, just twenty-one—nice age, isn't it? Graduated at—but I won't mention what college in New England, lest you might expect too much of me. Well, as I was saying—and I in particular had conceived quite an attachment for my cousin Richard Gaston. He was three years my senior, had received his education in some out-of-the-way Catholic college situated on the top or at the foot—I really forget which—of some mountain among the Alleghanies. We had frequently met and exchanged visits during our vacations, and the only objection I had to Cousin Dick was that on these occasions he made no end of fun of my Protestant Latin pronunciation, asking me to read a page of Virgil, and then rolling over in his chair, splitting his sides with laughter. What he found so comical in my recitation I could not imagine. I saw nothing in it to laugh at. This was several years ago. I now know the cause of his mirth.

But even if Dick did make fun of my Latin, and call it barbarous, he was a good fellow, although I must say that at times he presumed a little upon his seniority so as to be a trifle mentorish. Indeed, I loved him as a friend, independently of my affection for him as a relative. He was considerate, too, and never troubled me with any of his Romanish notions, except when I sometimes asked him a question about the Church, or touching some point in Catholic history, and then I generally received more information than I either expected or desired. One of these occasions I well remember, for the conversation eventually led to serious results for me. I had gone down to spend a week with the Gastons. One rainy afternoon—too wet to drive over to the village, as we had intended—I had just waded through the strange, eventful story of that gay and festive American citizen, Mr. St. Elmo, and, as usual when at a loss for some thing to do, I began to look around for Dick.

I soon found him in the library, but so entirely engrossed with a book that he did not notice my entrance.

"What are you reading?" I asked.

"Oh!" said he, "nothing that would interest you."

"Let me see?" I took the book, and read the title-page: *Introduction to a Devout Life. From the French of St. Francis of Sales.* "Why, Dick," said I, "this is Thursday, not Sunday."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," said I, "on Sunday you get out the Bible, or some pious book, and read a spell—needn't read very long, you know—about enough to keep your face straight for the rest of the day. It is the thing to do—good young man, and all that sort of thing, you know—*Cela vous pose*, as the French say; but as to pious reading, except for that or to fight a rainy Sabbath with—never heard of such a thing. But what is your book about? Who is your salesman? Some old 'stick-in-the-mud' of a stupid hermit, eh?"

"Your phrase is not of the politest," replied Dick, "but I will answer your question. St. Francis of Sales was not what you describe, but an elegant, accomplished gentleman, a graduate of the Sorbonne at Paris, and of the University of Padua, where, after a brilliant examination, he took the degree of doctor of laws with great distinction."

"That might all be," I answered, for I was determined not to accept Dick's saint without a fight, as was indeed, my duty, being a staunch Protestant—a *répé-*

no one need ever have any trouble in filling, for, as I understood it, you have nothing to do but deny every thing the Romanists assert—"that might all be. I suppose he took refuge in orders and sanctimony because he had a game leg, like your Loyola man there—what do you call him? yes, St. Ignatius—brave fellow, by the way, and a good soldier—or else he was jilted by some handsome girl."

"Nothing of the kind. His early years, his youth, his student life, and his advent in the world were all marked by a modesty, a purity, and a piety that seemed to be the sure precursor of a saintly life."

"Oh," said I, "I have it now. He must have been a hard-featured fellow, so ugly, most probably, that, piety being his only resource, he became a regular old square-toes of a monk in advance of the mail."

My cousin took a new book off the table, and said: "How ugly he was you shall hear from his Protestant biographer. Listen:

A commanding stature, a peculiar though unstudied dignity of manner, he habitually moved somewhat slowly, as though to check the natural impetuosity of a vigorous, healthy frame; regular though marked features, to which a singularly sweet smile, large, blue eyes, and pencilled eyebrows gave great beauty; a complexion of almost feminine delicacy, in spite of ceaseless exposure to all weathers. His voice was deep and rich in tone; and, according to one who knew him, he was, in appearance, at once so bright and serious that it was impossible to conceive a more imposing presence.

"That's all very well," I answered, determined not to give it up yet; "but that work of his you were reading, that *Devout Life*, is nothing but a string of prayers any how, isn't it? a sort of a down-on-your-marrow-bones manual?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear George. When the book was first published, it was seized upon with avidity, and became immensely popular, precisely because its author, not content with prescribing rules for exterior acts of devotion, sought also to lead souls into the interior life of piety. But judge for yourself. Let me read now a short extract from the very first chapter, and you will at once see that, in the opinion of St. Francis of Sales, the mere down-on-your-marrowbones performance, as you not very elegantly phrase it, will not, of itself, take you to Heaven."

"Well," said I, "Dick, this is getting to be rather more than I bargained for; but I'll fight it out on this line, if it takes me till tea-time. So go on." And he read:

As Aurelius painted all the faces of his pictures in the air and resemblance of the woman he loved, so every one paints devotion according to his own passion and fancy. He that is addicted to fasting, thinks himself very devout if he fasts, though his heart be, at the same time, filled with rancor; and, scrupling to moisten his tongue with wine, or even with water, through sobriety, he hesitates not to drink deep of his neighbor's blood by detraction and calumny. Another considers himself devout because he recites daily a multiplicity of prayers, though immediately afterward he utters disagreeable, arrogant, and injurious words among his domestics and neighbors. Another cheerfully draws alms out of his purse to relieve the poor, but can not draw meekness out of his heart to forgive his enemies. Another readily forgives enemies, but never satisfies his creditors but by constraint. These, by some, are esteemed devout, while, in reality, they are by no means so.

"That is pretty plain talk," was my comment; "a good deal plainer than they give it to us down at our meeting-house. It sets a fellow to thinking, too." And here I was about to make a damaging admission, when I fortunately recollected that I was in line of battle, with my enemy in front. So I charged again with: "Oh, it's easy enough to write or preach the most pious precepts, and, at the same time, not be at all remarkable for their practice. If your Sales man was such a fine gentleman as you describe, I strongly suspect that that very fact kept him pretty closely tied to the world, and that he may have been, after all, a mere ornamental guide-post to point out to others the road he had no idea of traveling himself."

"George, you are incorrigible, and I doubt that you really believe the half of what you are saying. But I shall not ask you to accept my opinion of St. Francis of Sales' personal piety. Here is a Protestant estimate of it: 'There is a beauty, a symmetry, an exquisite grace of holiness, in all that concerns the venerable bishop of Geneva which fascinates the imagination and fills the heart. Beauty, harmony, refinement, simplicity, utter self-consciousness, love of God and man, welling up and bursting forth as a clear fountain that never can be stayed or stanchied—such are the images and thoughts that fill the mind as we dwell upon his memory.'

"It was in 1592," continued my cousin, "that Francis of Sales returned to the paternal mansion, after having been for twelve years a scholar at the universities, and a student of the great world. His father had ambitious projects for the advancement of his only son. By agreement of the parents on both sides, he was to marry a rich heiress, the daughter of the Seigneur de Vegy; and the reigning Duke of Savoy tendered him the high position of senator; yet, notwithstanding the most energetic remonstrances and prayers of his father and many friends, he calmly but resolutely declined both the mar-

riage and the senatorial dignity, and in 1593 was received in minor orders by the Bishop of Geneva, and ordained priest in December of the same year."

"After which," I interposed, "he had an easy time of it."

"Listen, and you shall hear. The duchy of Chablais, adjoining the Genevese territory, had, in previous years, been conquered and occupied by the Bernese, and, as one of the results, Calvinism became predominant. Restored to the Duke of Savoy in 1593 as the result of treaties, it was important to provide for the spiritual wants of the few scattered Catholics who remained. A learned and pious priest named Bouchard was sent to one of the towns of the Chablais, but was compelled to leave it, on account of the fierce and hostile attitude of the inhabitants. It was soon understood that any Catholic priest who undertook to minister there publicly would do so at his peril. There was an absolute necessity that some one should go, but the Bishop of Geneva naturally hesitated to order any of his priests to so dangerous a mission. He would gladly have sent Francis of Sales, for he saw that he possessed all the qualities desirable in so critical an emergency—bravery, firmness, prudence and gentleness, besides a name and family position which commanded respect throughout the country. Sorely embarrassed, the good bishop convened a chapter, and all his ecclesiastics were summoned to be present. He laid the matter before them, together with the letters of the reigning duke, spoke plainly of the difficulties and perils of the mission, and asked their counsel as to what should be done. As in the case of an overwhelming peril at sea, or a desperate charge on a fortified place, where the captain or commander hesitates to order men to certain death, and calls for volunteers, so the good bishop in this manner really asked, 'Who will undertake this dangerous mission?'

"As the head of the chapter, it was for Francis of Sales to speak first. No one present knew as well as he the most serious dangers of the proposed mission.

"Amid profound and discouraging silence, he arose and said: 'Monseigneur, if you hold me capable of the work, and bid me undertake it, I am ready;' few words but to the point. Information of what had taken place soon reached Chateau de Sales, and in spite of his seventy-two years, the father instantly ordered his horse, and rode to Annecy, where he imploringly remonstrated with his son, and begged him to withdraw his offer.

"From the son the old man went to the bishop, and protested, in tears, against the step about to be taken. 'I give up,' he exclaimed, 'my first-born, the pride and hope of my life, the stay of my old age, to the Church; I consent to his being a confessor; but I can not give him to be a martyr.' The father's remonstrance was so powerful, his grief so violent, that the good bishop was deeply moved, and gave signs of wavering, when Francis, perceiving it, cried out: 'Monsieur, be firm, I implore you; would you have me prove myself unworthy of the kingdom of God? I have put my hand to the plough; would you have me look back, and yield to worldly considerations?'

"But the father held out as well as the son. 'As to this undertaking,' he said to Francis, in parting, 'nothing can ever make me either sanction or bless it.' At the last moment, several priests offered the brave volunteer to accompany him, but he would take no one but his cousin, the Canon Louis de Sales. It would be a long but most interesting history to go into the details of the Chablais mission. Under other circumstances, the people of that province might have run the risk of being dragooned into Catholicity as they had been into Protestantism. But the mild counsels of its noble apostle prevailed. After trials, labors and dangers most formidable, his holy life and winning words of peace and reconciliation shamed persecution, transformed hatred into respect and admiration, and the conversion of the Chablais was the result of his holy daring. It was during this period that he even penetrated into the camp of the enemy, going to Geneva several times to visit Calvin's successor, Theodore Beza, then seventy-eight years of age.

"The Apostle of the Chablais, as Francis de Sales was henceforth called by the reigning duke, was now urged by the aged Bishop of Geneva to become his coadjutor, and with great difficulty was almost forced to accept the position. Hewas soon after sent to Rome, to ask the good officers of the Sovereign Pontiff in arranging a serious dispute between Savoy and France, as to whether Geneva was included in the provisions of the treaty of Vervins. Having transacted the business of his mission, he was notified by Clement VIII to prepare for a public examination in his presence within a few days. It is related, as characteristic of his strong sense of justice and independence, that, with all his reverence for pontifical authority and his well-known personal humility, the first impulse of Francis was to resist this order as an infringement upon his ecclesiastical rights. He laid the matter before the ambassador of Savoy, who immediately sought an audience of his Holiness. Clement VIII at once recognized the validity

of the objection, and promised that the case should not be treated as a precedent. He had heard so much, he said, of the ability and talent of De Sales, that he was desirous of an opportunity of judging of it himself, as was also the College of Cardinals. The order, it was then agreed, should stand, and the examination go on. The only preparation of Francis for this formidable trial was—prayer. Indeed, there was no time for any other, for there were but three days between the order and the ordeal.

"Among the cardinals before whom he appeared were Baronius, Federigo, Borromeo, Borghese; among their assistants, the great Bellarmine. Added to these was a crowd of archbishops, bishops, generals of religious orders, and many eminent ecclesiastics of lesser dignity. A Spanish priest of distinguished learning, who was to have presented himself with Francis for examination before this body, was so overpowered on entering the hall that he fainted. The scope of the examination included civil law, canon law, and theology, but it was confined to the last-named branch. Thirty-five questions were proposed, and every possible objection was raised by the examiners to all the answers. The examination over, his Holiness expressed his supreme satisfaction, went to Francis, and embraced him in presence of the assembly, repeating the verse: "Drink water out of thy own cistern, and the streams of thy own well; let thy fountains be conveyed abroad, and in the streets divide thy waters."—*Proverbs*, v. 15, 16.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

A new church is about to be erected at Keokuk, Iowa, to replace old St. Peter's, which is to be converted into a school.

During the devotions of the Forty Hour's Adoration recently held at St. Joseph's Church, Newark, U. S., 2,000 persons received Holy Communion.

The Catholics of Canandaigua, New York County, have purchased a piece of land on which to erect an elegant cathedral, school-house, and presbytery.

The Sisters of Mercy are to be established in Montgomery, the Capital of Alabama. A building has been purchased for them in that city.

The general summary of Roman Catholic Missions for 1872, gives 23 Bishops, 440 Missionaries, 320 native Priests, and 700,000 native Catholics. The total receipts of the society amount to more than a million of dollars per year.

The corner-stone of the new church of St. Bernard, (Father Gabriel Healy) Fourteenth Street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, New York, was laid Sunday, May 11th, by the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey.

The hospital of St. Francis, New York, is a model institution. It has accommodation for about 250 patients. The report just issued shows that 972 patients were treated during the past year, of whom not two in every hundred were able to pay any thing.

On Sunday, 27th ult., Rev. William Quinn, for many years pastor of St. Peter's Church, New York, bade adieu to his congregation on his translation to the Cathedral as Vicar-general of the Archdiocese, *vice* Very Rev. Father Starrs, deceased. Father O'Farrell succeeds Father Quinn as pastor of St. Peter's.

Rev. Wm. H. Brice, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Harrisville, Rhode Island, having announced his departure for a new field of labor, a committee waited upon him, and, in the name of the congregation, presented him with a purse of two hundred dollars as a mark of esteem and affection.

Detroit, Mich., "The City of the Straits," has a Catholic history dating back to the days of the early French Missionaries, who were the religious pioneers of that region when the Indian savages were its undisputed masters. The first Catholic church erected was the old St. Ann's, whose massive walls are still standing, though its oaken steps have been worn down by the feet of successive generations.

The new Catholic College of St. Louis was opened in New York on April 19. The college is under the management of Pere Ronay, and a faculty of twelve professors. It is fitted for forty boarders and eighty day scholars. The college is on West Forty-second Street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

St. Louis Select French College, a Catholic educational institution in New York, the building of which was begun in June last, was formally opened and blessed by the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, on April 19th. Rev. Father M. Ronay is the President. The new college is in West Forty-second Street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues.

On the 13th of April, in Galveston, Texas, Bishop Dubois conferred the Holy Order of Priesthood on Messrs. Patrick Carrolan, Thomas Loughery and Henry Pfefferkorn, who were assigned, in the order named, to the towns of Refugio, Jefferson, and Hallettsville. Mr. Joseph Guillet's ordination had to be postponed till the 27th of April, as he was twelve days too young.

The following ladies were fully professed as Sisters of Mercy in St. Catharine's Convent, New York, on April 18: Sister M. de Sales McDewitt, Sister M. Bonaventure Kavanagh, and Sister M. Dolores Rooney. The religious last named is niece of Rev. J. J. McKenna, pastor of Southold, L. I., diocese of Brooklyn, who offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the solemn occasion, and of Mother M. Augustine McKenna, the present Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy in New York, which circumstance gave much additional interest to the always interesting and solemn ceremony of a religious profession.

Rev. Father Shinnick, of St. John's Church, East Cambridge, Massachusetts, was lately made the recipient of a splendid service of silver (twelve pieces) as a recognition of his zeal and religious labors in the parish, he having been generally obliged to perform all the duties of the Church, and attend to all the wants of his flock unassisted, owing to very indifferent health enjoyed by the late lamented pastor, Father Donald, the last few years.

The German Catholics of this country are much ahead of their English-speaking brethren in the number of newspapers they support. While the latter have not yet succeeded in establishing a daily paper, even in New York, the former have prosperous dailies printed in the German language, in Buffalo, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. They have also successful weeklies: one in Baltimore, circulating 25,000; in Cincinnati, 16,000; Long Island, 24,000; and two in Buffalo, besides many others.

Most Reverend Archbishop Perche of New Orleans has been elected honorary president of "La Maternelle" in that city. This organization is made up of members of all denominations, and has for its object to place in commutation of interest children and adults, by uniting them in distinct classes according to age. Although it is not a distinctly Catholic association, the Archbishop gladly accepts the position tendered him, "knowing," as he says, "that such an institution is in perfect conformity with the spirit of religion and charity."

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, on Tuesday, April 22d, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Ninetieth Street, New York, to 113 children; on Thursday, the 24th, to 352 children at the Church of St. Anthony, (Italian) Sullivan Street, New York; on Saturday, the 26th at St. Bernard's Church, West Thirtieth Street, New York, to 350 children; and on Sunday, the 27th, at St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, New York, to 470 children.

In the New York Catholic Protectory at Westchester, among other trades taught the boys is printing, and the printing and stereotyping department, which employs forty-five has received and filled orders from first-class publishing-houses, and produces some work of astonishing beauty and correctness. The *Report* itself is a sample of the typographical excellence attained within little more than two years by these young workmen. We do not know of a single other institution that can point to its reports as the production of its own boy printers.

On Monday afternoon, April 21st, an immense congregation thronged St. Mary's Catholic Church, corner of Leonard and South First streets, Brooklyn, E. D., on the occasion of the admission to the Church of twelve converts, among whom was Rev. Mr. Dakin, a Methodist minister, well known in that part of the city. Mr. Dakin was recently assigned to the pastoral charge of a Methodist church in Amboy, but declined the appointment, and resolved to seek admission into the Catholic Church. The Pastor of St. Mary's addressed the neophytes on the important step they were about to take, and explained the Sacrament of baptism which they were about to receive. He then read the profession of faith, after which each one advanced and read it individually, and kissed the Bible. They were then baptized.

A work recently published, *London Illustrated*, by Dore, in a beautiful tribute to the Little Sisters of the Poor, says: "Charity to strangers is enjoined in the text. By strangers there is understood those that are not of your own kin, strangers to your blood." But the Little Sisters of the Poor interpret charity in a larger sense than this. The helpless, roofless, and aged are to them all neighbors, and within the measure of their means, they gather them all into a comfortable fold. I have passed through their quiet realm, where the broken crusts of the poor were the banquets of the givers, and every living room of which is an ante-chamber of death. The Little Sisters, who have forsaken the pleasures of this world to wait as unpaid servants at the couch of destitute age, are the Grace Darlings of a perpetual storm—heroines with hourly need for courage.

A mass meeting of the members of the German Catholic Casino Society was held on the evening of the 18 ult., in their hall, No. 141 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. In the course of the proceedings, a committee of four members was appointed to prepare a protest against the persecutors of the Catholics in Germany, also to draft resolutions sympathizing with their persecuted fellow-countrymen in the old fatherland. The said committee consisted of the following members: F. A. Stocker, Vice-President; John B. Ulrich, Recording Secretary; Francis Funke, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph Gilman, Notary Public. Speeches were made by Rev. F. X. Nopper, who denounced the policy of the Governments of Germany and Italy, and Mr. Gilman, who briefly referred to the organization of a Catholic Union of Boston, of which organization, under the approbation of Right Rev. J. J. Williams, Bishop of Boston, he hoped and gladly stated that the Catholics of Boston at last were aroused and aware of the critical situation of affairs in the old country. All the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

We are very much pleased to learn that Very Rev. James Rolando has recently been appointed by the Superior General of the Lazarists, in Paris, to fill the position of Visitor of the Order in the United States, a position which has been vacant since the death of the late Very Rev. J. J. Heyden. Father Rolando is well known in Philadelphia, as he has been attached to St. Vincent's Church, Germantown, and, for a time, had charge of the Italian Church of Santa Maria Maddalena de Pazzi. He is a native of Genoa, and has spent many years in the priesthood. Father Rolando brings to his new position a vast amount of experience, gathered in the different positions of distinction which he has held in his Order. It is a singular fact that, while he held the position of Master of Novices, he had as novices under him both his immediate predecessors, Rt. Rev. Dr. Ryan, now Bishop of Buffalo, and the late Very Rev. J. J. Heyden. We wish Father Rolando length of years and much success in the new field to which he has been called.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald*.

FOREIGN CHURCH ITEMS.

Mr. George Lane Fox has been appointed Cameriere Segreto to the Holy Father.

The Pope has sent a very beautiful bust of St. Peter, in white marble, as a gift to the Church of San Petronio, Bologna.

There is shortly to be a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Chartres, under the auspices of the Bishop of Poitiers. Great preparations are being made to carry it out.

The Rev. Father Ballerini, S. J., editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has been arrested at Florence and sent to Milan. Report says that this arrest was made at the instigation of Prince Bismarck.

The students of S. Xavier's College, Bombay, have presented an address to the Rev. Louis Bodoano, S. J., on his return to Europe for the prosecution of his studies before taking Holy Orders.

The number of nuncios and internuncios of the Holy See at foreign Courts is eight: one in Austria, one in Bavaria, one in Belgium, one in Brazil, one in France, one in Holland, one in Portugal, and one in Switzerland. Besides these there are three delegates in the South American Republics and West Indies.

The total number of the existing cardinals is forty-five, but there are twenty-seven vacancies. Twenty-one of the cardinals are upwards of seventy years of age; the youngest cardinal is Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who is forty-five, and was made cardinal at the age of forty.

On March 26, the good people of Mantua went in solemn pilgrimage to the shrine of the Madonna delle Grazie, situated a few miles beyond the city walls. Here the bishop met them, and after a very beautiful service, bestowed the Papal benediction, and many special indulgences granted from Rome. This pilgrimage was for the intention of His Holiness, and many thousands of persons received communion at High Mass.

The Right Rev. Dr. Jacopi, Vicar-Apostolic of Agra, proposes to establish an European boarding-school for young ladies, at the Murree hills in the Punjab. Such an institution will be a great boon to the Catholic gentry residing in that part of the country, as they have hitherto been obliged to send their children to be educated at a considerable distance from their stations.

The Rev. Edward Scanlan, late curate of St. Michael's, Birmingham, recently appointed Prefect of Oscott College, has received an address, and a purse of sovereigns from the members of his late congregation. The address expressed the great regret felt by its signatories at the reverend gentleman's removal, their high appreciation of his spiritual labors and zealous activity, and their good wishes for his future welfare.

The Convent of the Sacre Coeur at Paris has been recently completely abandoned, as an epidemic fell suddenly on that institution. In less than a week six pupils died of diphtheria, and several more were grievously attacked, so that the decision was taken to at once to send the young girls home to their families. The establishment, by the advice of the medical men will not be reopened before October.

On Easter Sunday morning the Rev. Robert Wheeler, C. C., Celbridge, County Kildare, breathed his last, after a long and painful illness. His death, says the *Freeman's Journal*, will be greatly regretted by many amongst his lay and clerical brethren. Possessed of a singularly sweet and attractive disposition, he made many friends for himself, especially amongst his fellow-labourers in the ministry. In the ranks of the laity also, particularly in his own locality, where he laboured so long and so zealously, his loss will be deeply deplored. He was a man of large and varied reading, of a singularly correct judgment, and his whole life was one of great and unaffected piety. His death has caused great grief to the people of Celbridge, more especially to the poor, to whom he was always a kind and liberal benefactor. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Patrick Malone, P. P., Belmullet, County Mayo, V. F., of the Diocese of Kilalala, a sad event which occurred somewhat suddenly, on Wednesday 9th ult., of acute inflammation of the bowels, a treacherous malady, contracted by cold, caught in the discharge of the sacred duties of his mission. In Father Malone, a zealous and pious Irish clergyman, and stiling patriot has passed away. Devoted to the faith of which he was a profound and pious priest, he loved his people and the country with a genuine love that was ever visible in the instinctive vigilance in the interest of faith and people that nothing seemed to escape. It was only last year that Father Malone visited America, where he worked and lectured in aid of his new church amongst the Irish people. Of the thousands that welcomed him in that new and free country of the Irish race, many will mourn with his sorrowing parishioners in the demise of a good and holy priest whose life was wholly devoted to the services of God and country.

TELEGRAMS OF THE WEEK.

Minister Foster has gone to Mexico.

Over 3,000 people attended the funeral of Oakes Ames.

A general election for members of the English Parliament will be held next Spring.

In Baltimore, Hollahan has been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Mrs. Lampey.

Joseph Neuman can not obtain his commission to Vienna, and charges his failure to Sargent.

Senator Sumner has obtained a divorce suit from his wife, on the ground of five years' desertion.

The New Orleans Opera House was sold last Saturday, at Sheriff's sale, for \$40,000. Cost \$220,000.

It is not yet known which—the Radicals or Republicans—have carried the French supplemental elections.

Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and his family, sailed for Europe, on Saturday, in the steamship *Oceanic*.

A Vienna paper says that the Government proposes to the city certain provisions of the Bank Act, with the view of relieving the stock market.

In Philadelphia, on Saturday, Perry White set fire to a tenement house, cut the throat of an unknown woman, and then cut his own throat. Both died.

John Bright left a letter saying that he was opposed to Republican agitation, and had no sympathy with those who sought to uproot British monarchy.

Forty clerks from the United States Treasury will begin an examination of the New York City National Banks on Tuesday, to ascertain their respective circulation.

On Saturday a mob sought to enter the Quirinal, at Rome. They were shouting for a complete abolition of religious corporations. The police prevented their entrance.

It is reported that the Spanish Minister to Great Britain has made a demand on Earl Granville for the prosecution of the London Carlist Committee, which is soliciting funds to aid the cause of Don Carlos.

A Kansas City detective has reached St. Louis, on the trail of the Bender family, on whose premises so many bodies of murdered men have been found. He has authority from Governor Osborne to hunt down the assassins, regardless of expense.

Two cars of a freight train on the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad were thrown from the track near Waterbury, Friday. The conductor, Geo. F. Bradley, and Roadmaster A. M. Butts were killed. P. White, Assistant Roadmaster, was badly hurt.

An item is going the rounds of the press that the grain crop of Sonoma County will not be more than half a crop. This is not true of Russian River and Dry Creek valleys. The grain in these valleys, from present appearances, will be an average crop.

A *Herald* special from London says John Stuart Mill died of phlegmonous erysipelas. It terminated fatally on the third day after its appearance, closing the passages of the throat. Mill left an autobiography ready for the press, and several other completed works.

Speaking of young Jesse Grant, the *Calistoga Tribune* says his favorite place of amusement was the swimming bath, where he would remain in the water two or three hours at a time, apparently as much in his element as though he were the son of Secretary Fish.

By order of the War Department, all Paymasters in the Departments of California and Arizona are placed directly under orders of the Division Commander, who, in his discretion, will have authority to cause interchange of duties and stations in the respective departments.

A special to the *Standard* from Vienna says a serious difference arose between the Arch-duke Charles Louis, the patron, and Baron Schwartz, the Superintendent of the Universal Exhibition, in consequence of the backwardness of the arrangements. The Arch-duke Charles has taken umbrage, and left Vienna.

Among the passengers who sailed from New York for Europe, on Saturday, were Captain Northam, R. J. Tiffany, Mrs. M. Cheeseman, Miss C. Cheeseman, B. Radavich, P. Radavich, S. Hubbard Jansen, and Alexander McDonald, of San Francisco, and Miss Dolly Brown, of Sacramento.

The *Pioche Record* of May 4th says that sixty tons of silver Peak ore, worked at the Meadow Valley Company's mill, yielded nearly \$4,000. The bullion was in seven bars, and was receipted for at Wells, Fargo & Co's office yesterday. Eighty per cent. of the metal was saved.

A special dispatch to the *London Times* reports that a Russian picket party under the command of a Colonel in the advance guard of General Kaufman's column, were surprised by some Bokharese horsemen and put to death by impalement. Three officers and a few men were captured by some Kirghese between Onsk and Kasalinsk.

The Salt Lake *New Endowment* of May 5th says: "A large crop of hoodlums is growing up in this city—noisy, profane youngsters who delight to make night hideous now and then with their unseemly roistering. One of the natural results, in a degree, we may judge, of too many children and not enough dread fathers."

The *El Dorado Republican* says: "We understand that the negotiations that have been pending for the last two or three years for the sale of the South Fork Canal have entirely failed, and that there is no present prospect of the early construction of a new water-ditch to Placerville. It comes almost like a death-knell to the hopes of the people of El Dorado."

There was a wild panic on the Bourse, Friday, 9th, caused by the failure of a leading firm, which threw a large amount of stock. So great was the excitement that business became impossible. Speculators have petitioned the Government to order a suspension of transactions for several days, and adopt measures of relief. During the height of the panic, Rothschild and Schey were publicly insulted.

Dr. Perry says the first cause of Chief Justice Chase's death was rupture of one of the cerebral arteries, a violent rush of blood burrowing, as it were, through the substance of the brain. Paralysis of the left side followed. During the last twelve hours of his life there was no evidence of vitality, except labored breathing. Dr. Perry said, from all he could learn, Chase was gently sleeping when the blood-vessel burst, and thus flooded the brain. The patient had slight convulsions during the day, but they gradually grew more feeble.

On Saturday, May 10th, the Secretary of the Interior decided that the lands between Sacramento and San Francisco, on the circuitous railroad line, by way of San Jose, which were withdrawn January 30th, 1865, from the Central Pacific Railroad, do not insure to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California, under the joint resolution of June 28th, 1870, but must be considered part of the public domain. The Secretary therefore directs the Commissioner of the General Land Office to restore these lands to market. They comprise over 20,000 acres.

The following executive order was issued by the President in reference to the death of Chief Justice Chase: "The President announces with deep regret, the death of S. P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States, who closed a life of long public service in the city of New York, on the 7th instant, having filled the office of Senator of the United States, Governor of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury, and crowning a long career in the exalted position of Chief Justice of the United States. The President directs that the public offices in Washington be closed on the 12th instant, the day of his funeral, and that they be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that the flags be displayed at half-mast on the public buildings and forts, and on the national vessels on the day of the funeral, in honor of the memory of the illustrious dead.

"By order of the President.

"HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State."

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

Travel to Yosemite Valley is already quite large.

The epizootic is disappearing from Sonoma County.

A large amount of wood is being shipped East by railroad. The farmers of Sacramento intend to give a strawberry party.

There is some excellent trout fishing in the vicinity of Santa Rosa.

A petition for the formation of a grange at Healdsburg is in circulation.

Spicer, who killed his son lately, near Copperopolis, is said to be insane.

The *Argus* thinks the frost has done but little, if any, damage in the vicinity of Petaluma.

The Black Bear ledge, near Sawyer's Bar, Klamath County, is now yielding very rich rock.

James O'Brien, an old and respected citizen of Mariposa County, died suddenly last week.

J. F. Linthicum has disposed of the *Vallejo Independent* to Thomas L. Thompson, a former proprietor.

Five fat grouse are in the markets of Virginia City, Nev. they were shot in the mountain regions of California.

Dr. Shurtleff, Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum, has examined Mortimer, but can not decide on his mental condition.

Durkin and Hall, who are the supposed murderers of Wilkins, of Stockton, have been taken to Sacramento on a charge of housebreaking.

John McNamara, convicted of manslaughter in killing Henry Weddi, was sentenced in this city May 10th, to one year in the State Prison.

James Gannon, who made an assault upon Henry George of the *San Francisco Post*, and for whom a warrant, charging him with assault with intent to commit murder, was issued, surrendered himself to the police authorities May 10th, and was released on furnishing a bond with A. Himmelman and S. Brannan as sureties. The case came up for examination in the Police Court May 12th and Gannon was held to answer in the sum of \$2,000.

THE STIGMATA.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE WOUND ON THE HANDS AND FEET OF MISS COLLINS.

WE have already given, in THE GUARDIAN, a detailed account of the *Stigmata* which made their appearance on the hands, and feet, and side of Miss Collins, a young lady who has given her life to works of charity and tending the sick. The wonderful things which we recited created no little comment among all classes, and charges of fraud and deception were frequently made. For a time, the *Stigmata* was the general topic of conversation but at last, newer themes took its place, and Miss Collins was almost forgotten, save by her friends and acquaintances. The reappearance of the *Stigmata* upon her person has again brought her prominently before the public, and the proofs that there has been no deception practiced are now so convincing that those who had before cried out against her, hang their heads and are silent. It now appears that since Good Friday, when the wounds first were noticed, they have regularly made their appearance on each succeeding Friday. On the Friday following Easter Sunday, Miss Collins experienced the painful sensation of the *Stigmata*, in a slight degree, comparatively speaking. The attack lasted about five hours, and the pain was entirely confined to the head. The wounds on her hands and feet had almost entirely healed and disappeared. No pain was felt in them and no blood issued from them. Before the close of the day Miss Collins was about the house as usual, apparently as sound in body and happy in mind as ever. On the next Friday, the same symptoms appeared and passed away in the same manner as the last. The illness lasted about the same length of time, and was, in every other way, exactly like the preceding attack.

On the third Friday after Easter, the phenomena reappeared with great intensity of suffering. She was taken ill on Thursday night and suffered intense agony until the afternoon of the next day. About eight o'clock in the forenoon blood began to ooze from the wounds in the hands and feet of the sufferer. The bleeding was witnessed by Dr. Pawlicki and others. The Doctor held a powerful microscope over the wound, on one hand, until the bursting of the skin and the vesicle beneath, and thoroughly satisfied himself, by examination, that the colored liquid oozing from the wound was blood. In a few hours afterward Miss Collins was up and well as usual, and continued so until Wednesday. Before that the attack had appeared on Thursday night and continued for a few hours, according to the severity of the attack. The last attack was the longest and most severe yet experienced by the sufferer. From Wednesday night until Friday afternoon, the 9th inst., her sufferings were continuous and most intense, in her head, hands and feet. The wounds bled afresh, and an examination showed that they were enlarged since their former appearance. Until the last occasion the wounds in the feet of the sufferer were confined to the upper

side. On Thursday morning a wound, corresponding to that on the top of the foot, appeared in the sole of the left foot, for the first time, and blood issued therefrom. Friday morning after the sufferer had received the Sacrament at the hands of Father Prendergast, the wound appeared on the sole of the right foot for the first time, and blood issued therefrom. After the appearance of the last wound the pains became less intense and the condition of the sufferer gradually improved. On the occasion of her illness before last week, she suffered intense pain in her side, and it culminated in the appearance of a bleeding wound therein. Friday she had the same pain, but less severe than on the preceding occasion, and the wound did not bleed. The manner in which the *Stigmata* appears is nearly the same in each case. It usually begins Thursday afternoon, or during the night, with an uncomfortable feeling in the head. This increases until it becomes almost unbearable, and extends to the other members of the body. She is then seized with a kind of spasm, which continues for hours until the appearance of the wounds and the oozing of blood. Her limbs become rigid, her eyes are closed, and the cords and sinews of her extremities become tensive as iron bands. Her sufferings are intense, and her groans and moanings are enough to touch the hardest heart to tenderness and pity. The duration of her sufferings varies according to the number of wounds that appear. They never appear simultaneously. First one member, a hand, for instance, is affected. It is extremely painful, and sensitive to the least touch. The poor girl is continually moving it around, as if seeking a place to rest it with ease for a moment, yet seeming to be unable to bear its full weight on the counterpane or pillow, supporting it on the finger-ends or palms. Her head appears to pain her terribly all the while the spasms last, and to ease it of the touch of the pillow she often raises it and holds it off the pillow for a few moments at a time. If she attempts to touch it with her hand, as she often does, at the moment of contact she removes it as though the touch were live coals to her flesh. The same agony is suffered with each member as it becomes afflicted with the mysterious abrasion of the skin, and in this way the sufferings of the poor girl are prolonged for hours. The bleeding of the wounds appears to be the crisis of the sufferings in each case. From that time her sufferings become less intense, and she lapses into a kind of trance, or ecstasy, which recurs every few minutes, with intervals of complete consciousness and freedom from pain. This continues for a few hours, gradually disappearing, until the girl becomes well and gets up and goes about her work of charity and mercy. It has been noticed by those who have watched her closely since the appearance of these phenomena, that each one leaves her weaker than the preceding one, and her friends fear that she will live but a short time longer, if she continues to suffer in this way every week.

WHAT A REPORTER SAW.

On the evening of Friday, the 9th inst., a reporter was admitted to the room in which Miss Collins was lying entranced. She was propped up in bed, and her long, brown curls hung in beautiful disorder about her neck and shoulders. Her hands were clasped on her bosom, her eyes fixed on the wall, but she seemed looking far beyond and absorbed in some vision of surpassing loveliness. Her lips were parted with the rapture of her vision, and her eyes shone with a luster that seemed scarcely of earth. As the reporter took a proffered chair, the companion attendant of the girl leaned toward him and whispered, "She is in her ecstasies now." In a few seconds the girl sank back on her pillow, closed her eyes and moved uneasily, as if in pain. She soon became quieter, and after lying still for a few moments, turned her head toward her companion, opened her eyes with a sigh of relief, and smiled a recognition. For a few moments she conversed with those around her and then relapsed into her trance. A gentleman with whom she was well acquainted entered as she was returning to consciousness, and inquired, in a cheerful tone, "Well, Sally, do you feel better now?" The girl replied, with a smile: "Better! There is nothing bad about that." She then entered into conversation, laughing and chatting gayly about how she had frightened the housekeeper, a few days before, and the funny stories she and the gentleman who had just entered had told each other the night before. She is of a very gay, merry disposition, and her ringing laugh, flushed face and sparkling eyes gave her an appearance decidedly the reverse of an invalid. After a few minutes of gay raillery with her friends in regard to their abilities at story-telling, she closed her eyes and moved uneasily as if in pain. With a slight, loose cough (she had a cold when the symptoms of the *Stigmata* last developed themselves) she sank into a trance. A few moments of uneasy, painful tossings and contortions, and she rose gradually to a sitting posture, gazed intently on the wall, slowly extended her arms and leaned forward as if to receive and embrace some heavenly visitant. Her attitude, her lustrous eyes, her face glowing with the transports of her enraptured vision, made a picture well calculated to impress itself on the mind of the beholder. A few moments thus, and the girl sank back on her pillow, moved uneasily from side to side for a few moments, and then opened her eyes with a smile with which she invariably recognized her friends on returning to consciousness. The reporter sat and watched her critically for half an hour, during which she had nearly a dozen of these brief trances. No one could look at the contractions of the muscles of her face and her contortions, and believe that her agony was simulated. The reporter was permitted to examine the wounds upon the hands and feet of the girl. Those upon the back of the hands were immediately in a line with the fourth finger, and apparently extended through the hand in a direct line. They were precisely alike in size and general appearance. They were about the size of a pin-head. The orifices of the wounds of the hand were covered with dried blood. The wounds on the feet were larger than those on the hands, being about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter. They were very sensitive to the touch, and even the weight of a blanket seemed to cause pain. The wound upon the sole of the left foot was larger than that on the right, but on top of the feet they were precisely alike. They were about midway between the instep and the toes, and extended through to the hollow of the foot. The orifices of the wounds were clogged with dry blood, and on the bottom of the right foot was

a stain of blood that had been wiped away from the wound. The holes in the hands and feet could be plainly felt with the finger, and the abrasion of the skin around the edges of the wounds was as easily perceptible to the touch. At the time the reporter saw Miss Collins he was told that she was fast recovering, and that, in a few hours, she would probably be as well as before the attack.

WHAT DR. MORSE SAYS.

The May number of the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, contains the following interesting report upon the case of Miss Collins, which was read by Dr. John F. Morse, before the San Francisco Medical Society, at a meeting held on the 22d of April. To prevent any misrepresentation which might arise from my visit to Miss Collins, the present subject of free comments and varying opinions, I desire to submit a fair statement of a professional interview with her.

Last Friday night, between 2 and 3 o'clock, Richard Tobin came to my room in the Lick House, and desired me to see Miss Collins, whom he represented as suffering severely from pains and spasms. I went with him to her residence; was conducted to the front chamber, where the patient was lying, and where I met Dr. Pawliski, who introduced me to Father Prendergast. This gentleman was standing at the head of the bed near to a female attendant, who was supporting, with her arm, the head of the patient. I proceeded at once to examine the patient, as I should any one whom I called professionally to see. A glance taught me that I had to deal with a strongly developed nervo-sanguine temperament, violently agitated with physical suffering and intense mental emotions. The face was flushed, the eyes slightly suffused with tears, and there was partial conjunctival congestion; the pupils were normal and actively responsive to varied intensity of light; the tongue was perfectly normal in size, color, and freedom from coating. The pulse was beating at the rate of 88 pulsations per minute, and presented a vibrating thrill, which indicated a marked circulatory disturbance; there was a partially flexed condition of the wrists, and hands, and forehead. A touch of these parts appeared to produce a kind of spasmodic withdrawal, and a generally expressed uneasiness; her respirations were about eighteen. While prosecuting this examination I was constantly plying questions about her condition, and when I had concluded counting the pulse beats, Dr. P. directed my attention to the symbolic marks upon her hands. On the back of the left hand was a small dark point, about two lines in diameter. I put my finger upon it, and felt a slight elevation and roughness, as of simple incrustations; on the inside, opposite to this, the cuticle seemed as if it had been slightly thickened in a little larger area, with no incrustations, but with several small points of a little brighter whiteness, as though the centers of recent cuticular exfoliations. The left hand was like this, only in less conspicuous manifestation. The feet were then shown me, on the dorsal surfaces of which this mark was more slightly developed, and nothing could be seen on the soles of the feet. The doctor in attendance passed me a strong hand magnifying glass, and with this I found the first mark referred to was made by dry coagulated lymph in two centers, and of lymph and blood exudation in the third. Without the glass nothing but a small, dark spot could be seen. At one point only was there the least sign of an inflammatory areola. I applied my ear to the heart, and recognized a strong double bruit at the base of that organ, and, by inquiry, learned that about a year previous she had passed through a severe attack of arthritic rheumatism, with symptoms of endo-carditis. In the foregoing examination I discovered a strong hyperesthesia, which made the sense of touch a source of disturbance and suffering. To determine, as far as possible, how much of this was unchangeable, I asked the patient, while holding her left hand in mine, to show me, with her other hand, exactly where she felt the pain in her head. I repeated this request in several appealing forms, and as she still refused, her female attendant plied her arts to the same end; and finally, Father Prendergast requested her to indicate the point of her head sufferings, when she raised her left hand and swept her forehead with it. At this moment, I made much firmer pressure upon the external mark of the left hand, without the slightest apparent knowledge of the patient. I then went below to consult with the doctor about her case, and having expressed regret that I had not my stethoscope, this physician took one from his pocket and passed it to me. I returned again to the patient, and, after a little persuasion, was permitted to make a partial stethoscopic examination of the heart, which convinced me that she had a severe valvular disease of that organ, distinguished by a strong obstructive or regurgitant sound. Having suggested what I thought would relieve the patient, I took my leave and returned home.

HOLY CROSS CONCERT.

THE Santa Cruz *Sentinel* gives the following interesting account of a concert which was recently given by the pupils at the School of the Holy Cross in that place: "The concert, from beginning to end, may be considered a complete success, both as regards the numerical strength of the audience, as well as the superior excellence displayed in the various pieces on the programme; containing compositions of a very difficult nature, drawing largely on Verdi, Bellini, Leyback, and other classical authors. Want of space only forbids us going into detail, yet, in justice to the merits displayed, as well as the fulfillment of a most pleasing duty, we may be pardoned in advertising briefly to some of the selections that were deserving of praise. Among them may be mentioned, in the vocal line, the *Miserere*, from *Trovatore*; the trio, from *Belisario*, which was a complete gem and faultless in its rendition, and received with great applause. Also, *Dermot Astore*, by Miss S. Fitzgibbon, was rendered with a pathos and sweetness most enjoyable, moving the entire audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Miss Fitzgibbon's voice is a pure soprano, of unlimited power and flexibility, and the applause she received, during the entire concert, was well deserved. In the instrumental part the quartette, on two pianos, 'The Beauties of *Trovatore*,' we consider a marvel of execution, considering the rapidity of some of the movements, the time and also the touch, was the acme of perfection. This was rendered by Misses Hayes, Rou-

tier, Coonan and Fitzgibbon, and they may well be proud of their laurels. The piano solo by Miss Hays—*Fantasia*, from *Sonnambula*—was brilliantly executed, and evinced a complete mastery of the instrument, and showed that she is a careful and conscientious student in music. The *Sonata Pathetique*, in our opinion, was the most difficult in the programme, requiring great dexterity of the fingers, the movements being very difficult and intricate; this was played by Miss Lucy Routier, in a highly artistic manner, and at its conclusion was greeted with rounds of applause, accompanied with a perfect shower of bouquets. The duet, on piano and violin, by Miss Routier and Mr. McLaren, was a decided feature of the evening, this being the first time these two instruments have been heard in the concert-room, in Santa Cruz. The selection was from *Norma*, and to say it was well executed hardly does justice to its merits. At its conclusion was played some familiar airs, which were also loudly applauded. In our opinion, the crowning feature of the evening was the 'Greeting to Spring,' (Strauss' *Blue Danube Waltzes*). This was sung by a whole army of young misses, some of whom were not big enough to reach up to the piano, but all keeping perfect time. This piece was most wisely reserved for the last, and made a fitting termination of a most enjoyable musical entertainment, for which we are indebted to Miss Louisa Kernan; and we hope to hear such more frequently, not only for the gratification of our musical community, but also in justice to the school, the musical department of which Miss Kernan has directed with such marked ability, as shown by the result of the evening's entertainment."

THE SCAFFOLD.

THE EXECUTION OF JOHNNY DEVINE.

ON Wednesday, at one o'clock, John Devine, the murderer of August Kamp, was hanged to death at the County jail on Broadway Street. Long before the hour arrived, the street in front of the jail was crowded, and the holders of passes did not get in without much crowding and difficulty. The scaffold was erected at the end of the main hall, and so arranged that the body was made to drop between the corridors into the area below. Immediately beneath, and to one side the trap, was a mattress against which the body was to swing. The beam from which the rope was stretched was very large and heavy. The ropes—there were two of them, one to be used in case the first should break—were three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The fall was about six feet. By half-past twelve o'clock the holders of invitations had presented themselves, and the halls, above and below, were crowded to excess. Here and there a wicket had been left open, and the prisoners who peeped from behind the bars betrayed intense interest in the scene.

At twenty minutes before one o'clock, Sheriff Adams, Deputy Jehu, and the Sheriffs from two other counties, mounted the scaffold. At ten minutes before one o'clock, Sheriff Adams unlocked the door of cell No. 41, on the upper corridor, occupied by Devine, and entered. Soon after he came out and stated that the prisoner had requested that no noise should be made and that no questions be asked. The cell-door was then opened and the prisoner appeared in company with his spiritual adviser, Father Spreckles. He carried in his hand a large crucifix, which he repeatedly kissed. He mounted the scaffold with a firm tread and stepped at once upon the drop. He kept his eyes continually closed, and listened to the words of the Priest with attention.

Deputy Lamott, assisted by another, then began to bind the arms and legs of the condemned man. A strap was buckled tightly around the breast and arms, the hands were bound behind the back, and other straps were buckled about the knees and ankles. While this operation was being gone through with, Devine was, at one time, jostled from his position. Then he opened his eyes for the first time, seeming annoyed at the manner in which he was being handled. The reading of the death-warrant was a terrible suspense, not only for the condemned man, but for the audience in attendance. Looking down upon the crowd below, our reporter saw none but blanched and pale cheeks. The breathing of the strong men came faster and, as the terrible moment approached, the silence which was observed was almost deathlike.

Outside the jail a crowd of boisterous men and boys set up a shout, but the prisoner seemed to take no notice of this. His thoughts were evidently engaged with the things of another life. Father Spreckles kept repeating the prayers of the Church all the time, "Oh, sweet Jesus, into thy hands I commit my soul, amen," said Devine. The black cap was drawn over his head, and he was alone on the trap. Father Spreckles had stepped back and was kneeling in prayer. Then came a clicking sound, caused by the drawing back of bolts, the trap fell through and the body of Devine swayed to and fro in mid-air. A crowd of pale and thoughtful men passed out into the street, and the mournful scene was at an end. So ended the life of John Devine *alias* The Chicken. He had made his peace with God and man, and had received the Holy Sacrament.

BIRTHS.

O'CONNOR—In this city, May 11, to the wife of Jos. O'Connor, Vice-Principal of the Spring Valley Grammar School, a daughter.

BURNS—In San Diego, May 3, to the wife of Tillman Burns, a son.

O'CONNOR—In this city, May 12, to the wife of Eugene O'Connor, a son.

MARRIAGES.

McKAY—COLEMAN—In this city, May 4, William P. McKay to Catherine Coleman.

MYERS—McCANN—In Oakland, May 4, F. F. Myers to Sarah McCann.

MEABURNE—WESKE—In this city, May 10, John James Meaburn to Auguste Pauline Mathilde Weske.

McSORLEY—DOWNES—In this city, May 1, Arthur McSorley to Hannah Downes.

DEATHS.

HAYES—In this city, May 11th, William D., only son of William J. and Maria L. Hayes, aged one year, seven months and fifteen days.

O'CONNELL—In this city, May 10th, James O'Connell, a native of Australia, aged twenty-four years and four months.

SHANNON—In this city, May 12th, Frank Austin, second son of Michael and Mary W. Shannon, a native of San Francisco, aged thirteen years, one month and fourteen days.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To the Catholics of the Pacific Coast:

At this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house, without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and innuendoes; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was a reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn that mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up and discuss to their flocks those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten."

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among Catholics.

It is expected that in a few months, at most, the stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, it is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropriate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine."

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, he urges them to "Leave nothing untried by which our Holy Religion and its salutary

teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path."

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

OFFICERS:

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
RICHARD O'NEILL, Vice-President.
SANDS W. FORMAN, Secretary.
JOHN KELLY, Jr., Treasurer.

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A. H. LOUGHBOROUGH.

A NEW FEATURE FOR 1873.

UNPARALLELED PREMIUM! ONE NEVER OFFERED BY ANY PUBLISHER, EITHER IN THIS COUNTRY OR IN EUROPE! RAPHAEL'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO!"

A SPLENDID engraving; not a cheap colored picture; but a really beautiful work of art, and an exact fac-simile of the original painting.

The publishers of the GUARDIAN are determined to give to their patrons not only the best Catholic paper in America, but, in addition to this, they have made arrangements to give to every subscriber, for the year 1873, a beautiful and faithful engraving of the greatest and most celebrated painting in the world—Raphael's master-piece—known as "The Madonna di San Sisto." We need not inform our Catholic readers that the Madonna has been, from the earliest ages of Christian art, a favorite subject of the pencils of the great masters. The grandest success, however, has been achieved by Raphael, in whose pictures of the Madonna there prevails now the loving Mother, now the ideal of feminine beauty, until in that of St. Sixtus, he reaches the most glorious representation of the "Queen of Heaven."

This great master-piece of art was painted by Raphael for the Monastery of St. Sixtus, in the City of Placentia, in the year 1518, and is called, from its original destination, the Madonna di San Sisto.

It represents the Holy Virgin standing in a majestic attitude, the infant Savior enthroned in her arms, and around her head a glory of innumerable cherubs melting into light. Kneeling before her, we see at one side St. Sixtus, on the other, St. Barbara, and beneath her feet two Heavenly cherubs gaze up in adoration. A celebrated connoisseur of art says, "The Madonna di San Sisto, in execution, as well as in design, is probably the most perfect picture in the world."

In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased this picture at a cost of 80,000 florins, and it now forms the boast and ornament of the Dresden Gallery.

All new subscribers, upon payment of \$5 for the GUARDIAN, or \$6 for the GUARDIAN and Irish World, will be entitled to this splendid picture. Present subscribers, upon renewing their subscriptions and paying for the same, will also be entitled to it. No picture will be delivered until full payment is made of one year's subscription.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have adopted a system of printed wrappers, upon which each subscriber's account is kept. The date on the wrapper is the time to which he has paid, if a payment is made at all, and if not, then the date of subscription is used. When a payment is sent, the date on the wrapper is changed. If it should not be, the party would confer a favor by notifying us of the mistake. For instance, a person subscribes January 1, 1873, and pays five dollars, then "January 1, '74" will appear on the wrapper; or, if he did not pay at that time, it will be "January 1, '73" until he sends in the amount of the year's subscription, when the figure 4 will take the place of the 3. We hope each one will keep this in mind, so there may be no misunderstanding.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year without further reminder from this office.

THE IRISH WORLD.

OUR arrangements to club with the Irish World, the very best Irish paper published in America, have been entirely completed. We are enabled to furnish the GUARDIAN and the

World, by carriers, to city subscribers at fifty cents per month of four weeks. The GUARDIAN to country subscribers, by mail, is five dollars per annum; but we can furnish both papers for six dollars. This, we are satisfied, is cheaper than the same amount and character of reading matter can be had elsewhere.

SAN FRANCISCO PRODUCE MARKET.

FLOUR—The market is very quiet at present, both for local demand and export inquiry. The China steamer, to sail to-day, carries about 4000 barrels, nearly all of which is secured already. The Panama steamer carried 1200 barrels, all for Panama and Central America. The high rates ruling for wheat has caused an advance in extra, and the millers are considering an advance also in superfine. The Oregon steamer brought a small amount, and it is not probable that we will receive much from that quarter until the next crop is in the market. We quote local brands as follows:

Extra \$5.75@6; Superfine, \$4.50@4.75.
WHEAT—The market is very firm. It is estimated that the stock in the State still amounts to 30,000 or 40,000 tons. A portion of it is in the hands of parties who are holding for 2c, while a large part of it is held by farmers who are waiting for the result of the new crop. Holders show no disposition to moderate their demands, and exporters have to come to their terms in order to make purchases. A sale was made this week of 10,000 sks choice shipping at \$1.85, with firm storage until July. This is the top price that shippers will pay, and as they find great difficulty in getting any at that figure, transactions are very light. Millers are paying \$1.95@1.97 1/2 for small lots. The exports during the week were light, and there are only seven vessels loading at present.

BARLEY—The receipts have been light during the week, and prices are well sustained. Sale of 3,200 sks coast feed, private; 250 do do, \$1.25; 200 do choice coast, \$1.30. Large lots of feed are quotable at \$1.22 1/2; bay brewing, \$1.35@1.45 per cwt.

OATS—The market is abundantly supplied. We note the arrival of three more car loads from Eastern; quotable at \$2.12 1/2@2.20. Sale of 200 sks good California, \$2.20. Oregon are selling in a small way at \$2.25@2.30 per cwt.

POTATOES—Good to choice Humboldt from store, \$1.12 1/2@1.20; Petaluma and Tomales, 80c@85; New, \$1.75@2.25 per cwt.

ONIONS—The market is dull at \$6@8 for old and \$3 1/2@4 for 100 lbs for new.

POULTRY—We quote: Chickens, 4@5; Roosters, \$3 1/2@4; Ducks, tame, \$10@11; Pigeons, tame, \$2@2.50; Geese, tame, \$2 1/2@3 per pair; Hare, \$3 1/2@4; Terrapins, \$3; Turkeys, live, \$24@25; dressed, \$28@30; Wild Geese, \$20@23; Brandt, \$24@25; Doves and Larks, 50c@60c per doz.; English Snipe, \$8@12.25.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 87c@90c; Green Peas, 2@3c; Sweet do., 4@5c; Asparagus, 3@4c; Rhubarb, 3@4c; Summer Squash 9@10c; String Beans 12 1/2@15; Garlic, 3c per lb; Cucumbers, \$1.50@2 per box; Marrowfat Squash, \$1 lb 100 pounds, Carrots, \$2 do.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The supply and the demand are about equal at present, and most descriptions are unchanged. Farmers are packing large quantities of Butter in the interior, and only send in sufficient to meet the daily wants of this market. The prospects for a continuance of good pasturage is not as flattering as it was two months ago, but there is no apprehension of any great advance in prices for some time to come yet. There is not much doing in cheese, and prices are weak.

T. D. JOHNSON, M. D.
San Jose, California.

DR. T. D. JOHNSON respectfully returns his many thanks to the citizens of San Jose and vicinity for their liberal patronage for the last eighteen years during his practice among them. Having again recovered his health, he will continue to practice his profession as before. Dr. JOHNSON has practiced Medicine and Surgery in California for nearly twenty-two years, and has had an opportunity to become familiar with the practical treatment of all diseases common to this climate or to the Pacific Coast, and can give satisfaction to all who may require his professional services. Persons residing at a distance can consult DR. JOHNSON by letter, giving, as nearly as possible, the symptoms of the patient, age, sex, temperament and length of time sick. The above duty, on the part of the patient, being correctly performed, the Doctor has no hesitation in saying that he will be able to cure every case that is curable, without a personal interview with the patient. This may be called arrogance, but the assertion is based upon a practical experience of nearly forty years, twelve years of which time was spent in charge of public hospitals.

Dr. JOHNSON will devote particular attention to Operative Surgery and the Diseases of Women and Children, including Chronic Diseases of every character. He has, also, had great experience in the treatment of Cancer and all Schirrus diseases, Tumors and Dislocations of long standing, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Hernia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Diabetes, Dropsy, etc., etc.

Dr. JOHNSON's surgical operations, single residing on this coast, are too well known to be noticed in this paper; but for the benefit of those who have recently settled in California, he will take the liberty of mentioning a few of the many capital or important operations he has performed: Amputation of the entire lower jaw, for cancer, in San Jose—recovery; amputation of the hip-joint, for gun-shot wound, in San Juan, Monterey County—recovery; amputation twice at the shoulder, for disease of the joint, both in San Jose—recovery; amputation at the knee-joint, for white swelling, in San Jose, with success; setting a dislocated hip-joint of five months' and twenty days' standing, in San Jose, with complete success; adjusting an elbow-joint after it had been dislocated six weeks—patient recovering complete use of arm. Dr. JOHNSON has performed the dangerous and complicated operation of trepanning the cranium or skull six times, with success in every case; an excision of ovarian tumor weighing fourteen and three-fourths pounds—operation performed in San Jose, with perfect recovery; amputation of a fibro-cystic tumor, weighing forty-two and one-half pounds, from a woman living near the Almaden mines; three amputations of the female breast, for cancer, two of whom resided in San Jose, the other in Gilroy, Santa Clara County—all recovered; excision of a fibrous tumor, weighing two and one-half ounces, from the throat of a child ten months old—operation performed in San Jose, in the presence of five other physicians, with complete success.

The object of this paper is to inform the public where they may obtain honest and scientific counsel in sickness, and in cases requiring surgical skill.

Among the various vocations of life, there are none involving higher mental endowments, more real responsibilities, and more laborious duties, than the practice of Medicine and Surgery; and yet there is more imposition, dishonesty and ignorance among those claiming to belong to this profession than any other. It is, therefore, with a just appreciation of his mission that Dr. JOHNSON has departed somewhat from the usual custom, in his honest desire to do good and alleviate suffering.

T. D. JOHNSON, M. D.

Licentiate of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and graduate of the University of Louisville, Ky., formerly Resident Physician of Marine Hospital at Galveston, Texas, Physician at Sacramento Hospital in 1852-3, and for four years County Physician for Santa Clara County, at San Jose. mar8-1y

WHERE TO BUY.

A Guide to the leading and most reliable business houses in San Francisco, prepared expressly for the readers of THE GUARDIAN.

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Plans and Specifications for churches and private dwellings furnished.
WRIGHT & SANDERS.
418 California Street.

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The undersigned is sole Agent in California for the sale of the above celebrated Bitters. He is prepared to deal with merchants and jobbers on the most reasonable terms.

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A full assortment of Cutlery, Lamps, Silver-Plated and Britannia ware.

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INFORMATION WANTED.

Of John Daly, formerly of Cork, who left that city some twenty years ago, was last heard of at Fraser River. By writing to Mr. J. Mahoney, 36 Cook Street, Cork, he will hear of something to his advantage. His mother died lately.

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The most complete stock of Sheet-Music, Books, and Instruments to be found on the Coast. Collections of Catholic Music, Masses, etc., a specialty.

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Monuments, Headstones, Tombs, Table-Tops, Mantle Pieces, Counter-Tops, Plumber's Slabs, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest prices.

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Geo. W. Woods & Co's Parlor and Church Organs are pre-eminent for beauty and purity of tone, their charming Solo Stops and elegant design and finish.

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A fine-tuned church organ with fifteen Stops and two Banks of Keys. Apply to

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Book, News, Writing, and Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags, Card Stock, Straw and Binders' Boards, Black and Colored Inks, Bronzes, etc., Wholesale and Retail.

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The Manufacturers of the HALLET, DAVIS & CO'S PIANO, claim the ability to prove the superiority of their instrument among ALL RIVAL PIANOS, and invite A MOMENT OF ATTENTION from persons contemplating a thoughtful and cautious investment of money in Pianos, to the explicit testimonials from Foreign Masters and the leading Pianists and Organists of the United States, which place the Hallet & Davis Piano above all question of precedence and superiority. Send for Price-List and Catalogue.

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A never failing remedy for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lameness, Soreness or Stiffness of the Joints or Muscles, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Sores, Indolent Ulcers, Poisonous Bites, Bronchitis, Sore Throat and Diphtheria, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Soreness or Sponginess of the Gums, Colic, Derangements of the Liver or Bowels, and all aches and pains. It will also cure Galls, Bruises, Sand Cracks, Stiffness, Founders, Spavin, Sweeney, Stifft, Callous Lumps, and Maladies in general of the Horse and other Domestic Animals. Full directions accompanying each bottle. For sale at Retail by druggists generally.

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Carriage and Coach Work of every description executed with neatness and dispatch. Genuine imported Concord, Manchester, Dorchester and Portland Wagons constantly on hand and for sale.

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BEAVERS,
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English Cassimere Business Suits.....\$40 to \$50
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SWEET and Dry Champagnes, Sparkling Muscatel and Catawba. Also, White and Claret Wines (all kinds and all ages) Angelica, Muscatel, Madeira, Port, Sherry, Hock, Moutel, Vineyard, Malaga, Sweet and Dry Catawba, etc. Grape Brandies, one to five years old. All our Wines and Brandies are made exclusively from Mountain Grapes. Principal Depot, corner of First and Market streets, San Francisco

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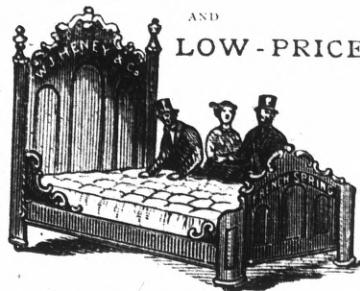
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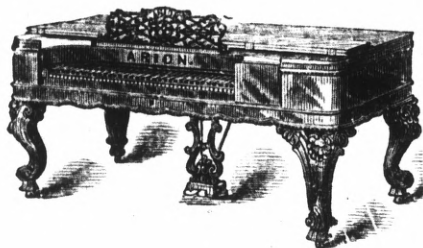
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In our
Dress Goods Department

Will be found a splendid line of colors in
EMPRESS CLOTH.
DIAGONAL AND SERGE POPLIN.
SATIN DE CHENE, in all shades.
VENICE CORD SILKENTEN, in all shades.
FEMOSA CLOTH, etc., etc.

SCOTCH AND POPLIN PLAIDS.
IN MOURNING GOODS

Our stock is the most complete in this City, comprising

BLACK POPLINS, DRAP DE ETE.
PARRAMATTAS AND HENRIETTA CLOTH.
CASHMERE AND CARLOTTA CLOTH.
TANNSE, FOULARD, CRETONNESS,
BIARKETZ, EMPRESS AND PARISIAN CLOTH.
A complete assortment of

HOSIERY,
GLOVES,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
EMBROIDERIES,
LACES, and
SMALL WARE.
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS

Being a specialty with us, our patrons can always de-
pend on finding this department well worthy of attention

THE HIBERNIA
Savings and Loan Society.

OFFICE:
NE Cor. Montgomery & Market
Sts., San Francisco.

OFFICERS:
M. D. SWEENEY, President.
C. D. O'SULLIVAN, Vice-President.
EDWARD MARTIN, Treasurer.
RICHARD TOBIN, Attorney.

TRUSTEES:
M. D. Sweeney, M. J. O'Connor,
C. D. O'Sullivan, P. McArar,
John Sullivan, Gust. Touchard,
R. J. Tobin, Peter Donahue,
A. Donohoe.

REMITTANCES FROM THE INTERIOR.
Remittances from the country may be sent through
Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Office, or any reliable
banking house; but this Society will not be responsible
for their safe delivery.
The signature of the depositor should accompany his
first deposit.
A proper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by
whom the deposit is made.
Deposits received from \$1 to \$8,000.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

First National Gold Bank
Of San Francisco, Cal.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$1,500,000, Gold.

GEO. F. HOOPER, President.
SAMUEL HORT, Vice-President.
N. K. MASTEN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
Geo. F. Hooper, Peter Donahue,
Sam'l Hort, James C. Flood,
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New York Agents, - - - - Jay Cooke & Co
London Agents, - - - - Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co

Exchange or sale on the principal cities of the United
States, Great Britain and Ireland.
Commercial Credits issued available in Europe, China
and Japan.
This Bank is prepared to transact a general Banking
business.
Deposits in Gold, Silver and Currency received subject
to check or on special deposit.
Collections attended to and prompt returns made at the
lowest market rate of Exchange.

E. McLAUGHLIN. C. T. RYLAND.

BANKING HOUSE

OF
McLAUGHLIN & RYLAND,
Santa Clara St., bet. First and Second,
SAN JOSE.

RECEIVE General and Special Deposits in Gold
and Silver Currency. Deal in U. S. Bonds and
Legal Tenders, and do a General Banking Business.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON
DONOHUE, KELLY & CO., San Francisco
EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York.
CONSOLIDATED BANK, limited, London.
BANK OF IRELAND, Dublin.
Telegraphic Transfers made on New York.
Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

MERCHANTS' MUTUAL
MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ORGANIZED APRIL 2d, 1863.
OFFICE,
406 California St., San Francisco.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$500,000. Losses paid promptly
in U. S. GOLD COIN.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.—C. L. Taylor, F. Roeding,
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J. B. SCOTCHLER, President.
JABEZ HOWES, Vice-President.
E. W. BOURNE, Secretary.

This Company is engaged exclusively in
Marine Insurance.

dec14-17.

Fire and Marine Insurance.

UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CALIFORNIA LLOYDS,

ESTABLISHED IN 1861.

Nos. 416 and 418 California St.

Cash Capital, - - - - \$750,000 Gold
Assets Exceed - - - - \$1,000,000 Coin

FAIR RATES,
PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES,
SOLID SECURITY.

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Moses Heller, Nicholas Luning,
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Daniel Meyer, M. D. Sweeney,
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Jacob Scholler, Gustave Touchard,
Charles Kohler, Michael Castle,
Joseph Seller, Nicholas Larco,
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GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, President.
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FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

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INSURANCE COMPANY
Of California.

OFFICE:
In San Francisco, No. 435 Cali-
fornia Street.

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Michael Skelley, E. T. Gile,
M. P. Jones, Charles Main,
Selden S. Wright, Donald McLennan,
W. B. Cummings, W. B. Hooper,
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C. W. KELLOGG, President
H. G. HORNER, Secretary.

HAMBURG-BREMEN
FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY

MORRIS SPEYER & CO. Agents.

General Agency for the Pacific States and Terri-
tories.

425 California St.
Merchants' Exchange Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Established in 1803.
IMPERIAL FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Of London.
CAPITAL, - - - - \$8,000,000.
Surplus over \$2,500,000.

LOSSES paid here in cash, immediately on adjustment,
in U. S. GOLD COIN.

FALKNER, BELL & CO.

430 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO,
General Agents for the Pacific Coast,
dec14-17.

C. P. R. R.

Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1873, and
until further notice, Trains and
Boats will leave San Fran-
cisco.

7.00 A. M. (Daily)—Atlantic Express Train (via
Oakland) for Sacramento, Marysville, Red-
ding and Portland (O.) Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.30 A. M. (Daily)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from
Broadway Wharf)—Connecting, at Vallejo,
with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacra-
mento, making close connection at Napa with Stages for
Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Stockton Steamer
(from Broadway Wharf)—Touching at
Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M. (Daily)—San Jose Passenger Train, (via
Oakland) stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Passenger Train
(via Oakland) for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia,
Tipton and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Cal. P. R. R.
Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Connect-
ing at Vallejo with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Land-
ing and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Sacramento Steamer
(from Broadway Wharf)—Touching at
Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

6.30 P. M. (Daily)—Overland Emigrant Train (via
Oakland)—Through Freight and Accommo-
dation.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—
7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A. M.; 12:10, 1:35, 3:00,
4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and 11:30 P. M. (9:20, 11:20
and 3:00, to Oakland only.)

LEAVE BROOKLYN (For San Francisco)—5:30, 6:40,
7:50, 9:00 and 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:55 and
10:10 P. M.

LEAVE OAKLAND—5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10:00 and
11:10 A. M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and
10:20 P. M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—
7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M.
(7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)

LEAVE HAYWARDS (For San Francisco)—4:30, 7:00
and 10:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE—5:25, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A. M.
1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P. M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, A. N. TOWNE,
Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't. Gen'l Sup't.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

Time Schedule—Commencing April 6th, 1873.

| TRAINS SOUTH. | Through Trains. | San Jose Only. | San Jose Only. |
|--------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Leave— | | | |
| San Francisco..... | 8:40 A M | *3:20 P M | 1:40 P M |
| San Jose..... | 11:10 A M | 5:40 P M | 7:00 P M |
| Gilroy..... | 12:45 P M | | |
| Pajaro..... | 2:00 P M | | |
| Castroville..... | 2:45 P M | | |
| Salinas..... | 3:10 P M | | |
| Hollister..... | 2:30 P M | | |

| TRAINS NORTH. | San Jose Only. | San Jose Only. | Through Trains. |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Leave— | | | |
| Hollister..... | | | 11:10 A M |
| Salinas..... | | | 10:45 A M |
| Castroville..... | | | 11:16 A M |
| Pajaro..... | | | 11:50 A M |
| Gilroy..... | | | 1:25 P M |
| San Jose..... | 10:30 A M | 7:50 A M | 3:00 P M |
| San Francisco..... | 8:50 A M | 10:10 A M | 5:25 P M |

* SATURDAYS 2:30 P. M. tSUNDAYS excepted

An extra train will leave San Francisco on SUN-
DAYS at 9:30 A. M.—Returning will leave San Jose at
5:50 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

THROUGH TRAINS leave San Francisco at 4:15
A. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 1:30 A. M.
Trains for San Jose and Way Stations leave San Fran-
cisco at 1:00 P. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 11:30
A. M.

A. N. TOWNE, A. C. BASSETT,
Gen'l Superintendent, Asst Superintendent.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent.

HELBING & STRAUS,

Importers and Dealers in
ROCKERY,
GLASS AND CHINA WARE,
CUTLERY, LAMPS,
SILVER-PLATED

AND
BRITANNIA WARE,
LOOKING - GLASSES, Etc.,
102 & 104 Battery Street, Cor. of
Pine,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete assortment of COAL OIL LAMPS and OIL
always on hand.

MARBLE WORKS.

JOHN DANIEL & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF
J and dealers in Monuments, Headstones, Tombs,
Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, Plumbers'
Slabs, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest prices. 42
Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San
Francisco.